

The Outlook

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1905

The Portsmouth Conference

The conference between representatives of Japan and Russia looking toward a termination of the war was opened at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on Wednesday of last week. After an official welcome by the Governor of the State, credentials were mutually exchanged and found satisfactory. The Japanese proposals for terms of peace were then presented. Baron Komura, ranking Japanese plenipotentiary, endeavored to have these proposals taken up one by one, but, being opposed in this by the Russians, handed to Mr. Witte, ranking Russian plenipotentiary, the entire list. On the following day, though the Russians had been sworn to secrecy, a list of twelve propositions was published and has not been contradicted by the Japanese. This list accords with that published in another column in a letter from our special correspondent. On Saturday the Russians replied, agreeing, it is generally understood, to a substantial majority of the proposals, but disagreeing from those which required from them any payment of money or cession of territory. Instead of replying categorically to this answer, Baron Komura simply reiterated his request that the Japanese terms be taken up one by one. It is gratifying to chronicle his success in finally convincing the Russian envoys of the desirability of this method, for it will be thus seen that, at least for the present, the envoys may steer clear of the rocks of indemnity and cession of territory which threatened to wreck the peace plans. In the second place, time is gained, in which Great Britain and France may bring pressure on Japan and Russia respectively to yield a point mutually, if possible. Especially, however, the bankers of Paris, London, New York, and Berlin may now bring their powerful influence to bear directly on Mr. Witte to induce him

to consent to the payment in some form of an indemnity to the Japanese. Indeed, it is currently believed that the substitution of Mr. Witte for Mr. Muraviev as Russia's chief plenipotentiary was due to a decision on the part of the home government that the adjustment of the war might be more a matter of money than of diplomacy. While Mr. Muraviev is a diplomatist and a jurist, Mr. Witte is first, last, and always a financier. He has negotiated the great loans for Russia by which his country has been able to make great strides in trade and transportation. In the negotiation of a new loan, Mr. Witte, though unfortunately no longer Finance Minister, would naturally be selected to act for the Russian Government in its dealings with the money-lenders. It is understood that the first article of the Japanese proposals, now disposed of, has naturally as its subject the immediate cause of the war. In almost all peace treaties this subject is the first article mentioned. For instance, Article I. of the Treaty of Shimonoseki (1895) provides that China shall definitely recognize the full and complete independence and autonomy of Korea, and the first article of the Treaty of Paris (1898) shows that Spain relinquished all claim of sovereignty over a title to Cuba. Hence the first clause in the Japanese terms, so it is believed, is the requirement that Russia shall recognize Japan's preponderating influence over Korea, involving the right to control the administration and to use the littoral for strategic purposes.

A Remarkable Political Prophecy

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Apropos of the mission of M. Witte to the peace conference between Russia and Japan, the well-informed London correspondent of the Birmingham (England) "Post" writes of a remarkable forecast of the struggle in the Far East. A Russian official showed him a memo-

random prepared in 1890 by the late M. Vischnegradshi, a predecessor of M. Witte as Minister of Finance, to whom M. Witte is said to owe his advancement, and whose reported views he has certainly followed. In this memorandum M. Witte's patron predicts the present internal troubles of the Empire, the consequent break of despotic power, and "the development of a representative system of control." But much more remarkable is it that such a prediction as the following should have been made fifteen years ago: "Reform will come to us from without rather than within the Empire, and we shall not know it is here until some foreign Power, but more likely England in coalition with some Eastern Power, is knocking hard at our gates. The danger must at all events come from the East, for in Europe we are too solid and centralized to be attacked successfully. It behooves us, therefore, to do all we can to prepare and develop our Asiatic dominion, and seek no other territory until we have made what we have quite invulnerable." Aside from its interest as a rare specimen of far-sighted political prediction, this forecast, with the wise counsel based upon it, was evidently the original inspiration of M. Witte's efforts to dissuade the Czar from his premature venture on the present war.

Profit and Loss in Manchuria American and European residents in the Far East have for many months been maintaining a very considerable relief work for Chinese non-combatants in the theater of the war. Missionary doctors and nurses have opened refuges where many thousands of women and children, as well as the aged and a large number of wounded, have been fed and housed. The devastation of war in the land of a neutral is likely to receive little attention. But in Manchuria it has been widespread. Villages have been burned, farms wrecked, crops ruined, cattle seized, horses and carts requisitioned, and at least two hundred thousand Chinese laborers have been impressed into the service of the two armies. All this has upset the usual and has instituted the extraordinary and the dangerous in

its place. While the world must recognize the present plight of Manchuria, yet it also sees that her last state is bound to be better than her former. According to the Japanese press, the Japanese army had expended in Manchuria for labor and supplies up to the middle of April no less than \$50,000,000 gold. The wage paid is at least twice the normal in Manchuria, and a sum exceeding \$2,500,000 is invested monthly in coolie labor. This amount must increase month by month as the Japanese army advances. Many millions more will be spent during the coming year, war or no war. For, if Japan wins, she must fortify, garrison, and feed. Taking as the basis of calculation the statement of the Russian Minister of Finance, the Japanese press comes to the conclusion that Russia's army has already paid to Manchurians about \$120,000,000. It seems likely, therefore, that when peace has settled down upon the present scene of carnage those who have survived will find themselves in the midst of a remarkable condition of prosperity.



The British Parliament Last week the British Parliament was prorogued. The session will be remembered not so much for the unprecedented number of votes of censure as for its production of two measures of special sociological interest—the Aliens Act and the Unemployed Workmen's Act. The King's Speech, in closing Parliament, thus refers to the Portsmouth Conference:

Negotiations, due to the initiative of the President of the United States, are about to be entered upon between the Russian and Japanese Governments for the purpose of terminating the deplorable conflict still proceeding in the Far East. It is my earnest hope that they may lead to a lasting and mutually honorable peace.

Regarding the Swedish-Norwegian situation and its settlement the speech says:

A dissolution of the union between Sweden and Norway apparently is imminent. I am confident that, by the exercise of wise moderation on each side, a settlement will be arrived at which will be acceptable to both countries, and that it will be of such a nature as to enable my Government to maintain with the

people of the Scandinavian peninsula the same friendly relations which have prevailed in the past.

The speech refers to the continued friendly relations with other Powers and "cordially hopes" that the outcome of the conference summoned by the King of Italy to consider the establishment of an international institute dealing with agricultural information "will be of service to agriculturists both at home and abroad." The speech mentions the fact that the Government has received from Canada a patriotic offer to assume the entire responsibility for the defense of Halifax and Esquimalt, and says that the offer has been accepted. Finally, the speech states that the grant of representative institutions to the Transvaal will be brought into operation as soon as measures for the holding of elections have been completed. The prorogation finds a different political complexion in the House of Commons from what it was six months ago, when the Government's majority was ten more than at present. The result of the by-elections has been steadily against the Balfour Cabinet, the feared fiscal changes being a principal reason.



The Curzon-Kitchener Controversy

Lord Kitchener's appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the army of India has been productive of events of far wider significance than usually pertains to such an act. It has already resulted in a radical change in army administration, and, judging from the repeated rumor of Lord Curzon's impending resignation, may lead to a crisis in Indian affairs. Lord Kitchener is a forceful, able administrator as well as a brilliant general, and the prestige of the conqueror of the Soudan and of the general who brought the war in South Africa to a successful close naturally is high with the home Government. Such a man is not one to endure tamely the red tape of the Military Council of India and to have his views as to military affairs passed upon and perhaps rejected by officials who have civil rather than military abilities. His conception of the duties and powers of a commander-in-chief naturally grow out of his mili-

tary experience and the practically free hand to which he has hitherto been accustomed, and, as appears, are fundamentally opposed to the present scheme for the government of the army in India. In little more than a year the difference arising from such widely divergent views has grown acute, and, as it seems, precludes the possibility of agreement between Lord Kitchener and Viceroy Curzon, with the probability that the latter will resign, nominally upon the ground of health, leaving General Kitchener in command of the situation, with, as some imagine, the possibility of Lord Curzon's taking the place of Premier Balfour in the political changes of the near future. In Lord Kitchener's minute to the home Government, submitted some months ago, he described the army system in India, as he had found it, as being productive of "enormous delay and endless discussion;" while the Military Member of the Council, rather than the Commander-in-Chief, was "really omnipotent in military matters." He further remarked that no needed reform can be initiated and no useful measure be adopted "without being subjected to vexatious and, for the most part, unnecessary criticism, not merely as regards the financial effect of the proposal, but as to its desirability or necessity from a purely military point of view"—a point upon which Lord Kitchener naturally thinks the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief should be decisive. On the other hand, Sir E. R. Elles, Military Member of the Council, and Viceroy Curzon, in their minutes to the home Government upon the same subject, presented clearly the necessity for such dual control, and Lord Curzon even described the recommendations of Lord Kitchener as proposals "to subvert the military authority of the Government of India as a whole and to substitute for it a military autocracy in the person of the Commander-in-Chief." The course of the British home Government in this grave controversy between officials who all command at home the highest respect and confidence evidently was largely influenced by Lord Kitchener's sincere belief in the ineffectiveness of the present Indian army administration as a

means of Imperial defense. Owing, perhaps, to the reception of their decision, which was practically a victory for Lord Kitchener, the Government afterwards somewhat modified its directions; but even with this modification, it seems, Lord Curzon is not satisfied, and the probability is, as reported, that he may soon resign, thus following the example of Sir E. R. Elles, who promptly resigned upon the reception of the Government's first directions practically subordinating the Military Member of the Council to the Commander-in-Chief.



The Monarch and the People in Hungary

The events of last week in Hungary emphasized the deadlock existing between the monarch and the people there. This condition arose after the elections of January last, when the Ministerial party was overwhelmingly routed and the present combined Opposition came into concrete being as "the party of independence." The Opposition is made up of factions, differing in many things, but united in opposing what they declare to be an unconstitutional use of power by the Crown. Though the Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary, recognized the constitutional consequences of the electoral victory by offering the Hungarian Premiership to Count Andrassy, one of the Coalition leaders, the position could not be accepted, first, because Count Andrassy could not give a sufficient guarantee of obedience, and, secondly, because the Emperor refused to countenance the three demands for Hungary made by the Coalitionists—a revised electoral system, an independent customs service, and, above all, the national flag and word of command in the Hungarian contingent of the Imperial army. The last-named condition is the real bone of contention. The Emperor, in support of his contention, points to the Constitution, which reads:

In pursuance of the constitutional military prerogatives of his Majesty, everything relating to the unifying, direction, leadership, and inner organization of the total army, and thus also of the Hungarian army as a complementary part of the total army, is recog-

nized as subject to the disposal of his Majesty.

The Imperial power being thus defined, the Emperor declares that he will resist any attempt to deprive the Imperial army of the one language of command, for the good reason that, if he concedes it to the Hungarians, there would be an instant demand for similar concessions from the Czechs, Poles, Slovaks, Rumanians, Slavonians, and the other races which make up the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The Emperor also calls the attention of the Hungarians to the fact that in Hungary itself they, the Magyars, as they call themselves, represent less than half of the total population of the kingdom, and that the introduction of their own tongue into the Hungarian contingent would not improve matters. On the other hand, Count Apponyi, one of the Coalition leaders, points out that the law of 1867 mentioned a "Hungarian army" as part of the "whole army," "jointly to be commanded and organized by his Majesty," but that in practice no trace of the Hungarian army has been left; that unity of command and organization has been transformed into uniformity, the German language and Austrian emblems being introduced into the Hungarian as well as into the Austrian military bodies. Hungary, meanwhile, has become a nation in the full sense of the word. Hence, he logically argues, it cannot permanently be deprived of one of the chief branches of national life, of a military establishment which shall bear in its official language and in its emblems the stamp of the Hungarian nation.



Sweden and Norway

On Sunday of this week, throughout all Norway, the Norwegians in a referendum pronounced in favor of the dissolution of the union with Sweden. Of four hundred and fifty thousand voters a large majority cast ballots. The returns show that about one person in three thousand voted against dissolution. The next official step will be taken when the Norwegian Storting, or Parliament, meets, on August 21. The Storting will repeat the request that the Swedish Riksdag, or Parliament, declare the Riksakt, or

Act of Union, inoperative. The Storting will, it is expected, also express an entire willingness to negotiate concerning the details of the dissolution, for it is Norway's earnest desire to conclude the dissolution amicably. As a candidate for the Norwegian throne, Prince Charles of Sweden, Oscar II.'s third son, is now being favored by many members of the Riksdag, though in opposition to his father's wish. The Norwegians first offered their throne to a prince of the Swedish royal house; but Oscar II. promptly declined this offer for any member of his family, unless the Riksdag should request otherwise. As officially it has not yet so requested, Prince Charles of Denmark would seem to be, for the moment, the more popular candidate.



**The President
and the Miners**

Under the auspices of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America and the United Mine Workers, the President addressed a great crowd at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, on Thursday of last week. The scene was tumultuous, but the President's personal bearing preserved the order which ought to have been maintained by precaution and suitable policing. Mr. John Mitchell, President of the miners' union, was chairman, and in introducing the President reminded the people, the great mass of whom consisted of coal-miners and their families, that they owed the improved conditions under which they lived and labored largely to the efforts and action of Mr. Roosevelt. It is easy to think of a trades-union as simply an economic factor; Mr. Mitchell put into these few words its traits as a supremely human organization: "It has worked for efficiency rather than cheapness, for the producer rather than for the production, for the man rather than the dollar." Not only had conditions been ameliorated, Mr. Mitchell declared, but also "many of the bitter antagonisms and prejudices of former years, both between the miners and their employers and even among the mine workers themselves, have been slowly and surely dissipated, and the prospect of permanent and honorable industrial peace grows brighter day by

day." This he presented as the ideal of the labor union. Its errors he frankly but regretfully acknowledged, but its aim he defended with pride and dignity. The address of the President disappointed those who hoped that he would take sides in the unending discussion on the relative virtues of employers and employees. According to his custom, he spoke to these people, not of other people's shortcomings, but of their own; and he suggested one of these, the wage-earner's tendency to look for help to the National or State Government or to such organizations as labor unions instead of seeing first to his own integrity, ability, and self-respect. In declaring his belief in trades-unions he laid down a principle which, though seemingly self-evident, has been neglected by trades-unions and disregarded even by some courts. "I strongly believe," he said, "in trades-unions wisely and justly handled, in which the rightful purpose to benefit those connected with them is not accompanied by a desire to do injustice or wrong to others." Regard for this simple principle would settle the question as to what boycotts are legitimate and what unjustifiable. He warned his hearers, too, that social progress, if it is to be genuine, must be accompanied by the moral progress of individuals; and drove home his argument by quoting a letter from a Roman Catholic priest, a firm friend of the laboring people. "There is," wrote this priest, "one discouraging feature of the wage scale among the workmen of this country. The higher the wages, the more money they spend in saloons. The shorter the hours, the more they are inclined to absent themselves from home." The President is a skillful preacher. Any hearer attempting to defend himself or his fellows from that charge would have to shift from the social to the individual point of view; and that is just where the President wanted to bring his audience.



**The President
at Chautauqua**

On the day following his address at Wilkesbarre, the President spoke before a large audience at the summer assembly at Chautauqua, New York. In his ad-

dress there he considered two subjects—the Monroe Doctrine and corporations. His statement of the present status of the Monroe Doctrine was so clear and happy a specimen of expository address that it is impossible to summarize it briefly. Indeed, its value lay not so much in unfamiliar matter as in the clear language in which it was expressed. He was glad to see the change which had come over the form of the doctrine, for that was a sign of its life. Every recent alteration in the form of the doctrine can, we believe, be referred to the need of adjusting conditions to one or more of the three points which the President stated as follows:

We cannot permanently adhere to the Monroe Doctrine unless we succeed in making it evident, in the first place, that we do not intend to treat it in any shape or way as an excuse for aggrandizement on our part at the expense of the republics to the south of us; second, that we do not intend to permit it to be used by any of these republics as a shield to protect that republic from the consequences of its own misdeeds against foreign nations; third, that inasmuch as by this doctrine we prevent other nations from interfering on this side of the water, we shall ourselves in good faith try to help those of our sister republics, which need such help, upward toward peace and order.

In regard to Santo Domingo the President made the interesting and illuminating statement that the government of that country "is actually getting more from the forty-five per cent. that we turn over to it than it got formerly when it took the entire revenue." Turning to the domestic problem, the President reaffirmed his conviction that the Federal Government must "assume a degree of administrative control of these great corporations," and he outlined a possible method of control as follows:

It may well be that we shall find that the only effective way of exercising this supervision is to require all corporations engaged in inter-State commerce to produce proof satisfactory, say, to the Department of Commerce that they are not parties to any contract or combination, or engaged in any monopoly in inter-State trade, in violation of the Anti-Trust Law, and that their conduct on certain other specified points is proper; and, moreover, that these corporations shall agree, with a penalty of forfeiture of their right to engage in such commerce, to furnish any evidence of any kind as to their trade

between the States whenever so required by the Department of Commerce.

Some such plan, it increasingly seems probable, will have to be adopted, whether it shall involve Federal incorporation, or a Federal license, or a Federal tax. Whatever it may be, the longer and harder corporate interests which demand Federal protection fight against all Federal control, the more drastic, as the President warns them, will inevitably be the remedy.



Opening the New Indian Reservations

When a large part of the Uinta Indian reservation is thrown open to settlement this September, the beginning of a series of reservation openings will be marked. Inside of a year from the opening of the Uinta reservation, the Government will open portions of the Crow and Flathead reservations in Montana, and the Shoshone or Wind River reservation in Wyoming. Allotting agents have been at work on all these reservations for months, making surveys and mapping out the allotments for the Indians, as, under present laws, the original occupants will have the pick of the lands before the white men are allowed to make choice. The Uinta reservation is in the northeast part of Utah, adjoining the Colorado line. It is the home of the Uinta Utes, a fairly progressive tribe. The Utes will be given about 300,000 acres in severalty, and about 2,500,000 acres will be thrown open to white settlers. It is estimated that 253,000 acres in this reservation are adapted for the raising of fruits and miscellaneous crops, under irrigation. The reservation is plentifully watered by the Uinta and Duchesne Rivers. While no railroad penetrates the reservation, it can be easily reached by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad and a recently constructed road known as the Uinta Railway, extending to Dragon, whence stages can be taken to Fort Duchesne and Vernal, the latter place to be the point of registration. Besides its agricultural possibilities, the Uinta reservation is rich in mineral deposits, and many mining men will join the rush to the new land of promise. There will be no

spectacular races for the prizes on any of the reservations to be opened. The plan of drawing lots for choice of land, so successfully tried at the later openings of reservations, will be utilized in each instance. Details and rules for the benefit of prospective settlers will be made public by the President in his proclamation just previous to the opening of each reservation. The Crow, Flathead, and Shoshone reservation openings will offer few mineral possibilities, but will put millions of acres of fine agricultural land at the disposal of white settlers. All these reservations are well watered, and irrigation systems, under the Federal Reclamation Act, will be constructed for settlers. The land will be parceled out to settlers in eighty-acre and forty-acre homesteads. Forty acres of good Western land under irrigation means as much as 160 acres in a non-irrigated country, owing to the greater productive power of an irrigated ranch. It is believed that the Crow reservation will be opened in the summer of 1906, and the opening of the Shoshone and Flathead reservations will follow. The Crow reservation is penetrated by the Burlington Railroad, and the Flathead can be reached from the Northern Pacific. The Shoshone reservation will be penetrated by the Chicago and Northwestern, a branch now being under construction from Casper to Lander, Wyoming. One advantage which the settlers of these new lands will have will be in the matter of grazing privileges. In the ceded strip of the Crow reservation, for instance, only 400,000 acres of the 1,150,000 acres thrown open to settlement can be irrigated. The remainder will be available for grazing, under public lease. The new lands will cost the settler \$4 per acre, one-fourth to be paid in advance and the rest in yearly installments. Additional charge will be made for water rights, according to the cost of canal construction. Every effort will be made to restrict the sale of the lands to bona-fide settlers, and to keep out the element of speculation. As a result, the Indian reservation openings should add many prosperous farming communities to the West.

The Official Visitors in the Philippines

The Secretary of War and the Senators and Representatives accompanying him have been cordially received by the Filipinos. Festivities have been mingled with conferences and addresses. If the despatches which have come to the United States are to be accepted as indicative of the spirit of the party, the members are making their observations with open mind. One member, Mr. Cockran, a vigorous anti-imperialist, is reported to have uttered a most enthusiastic eulogy of the policy which anti-imperialists have regarded as subversive of free government; and several members of Congress heretofore bitterly opposed to free trade with the Philippines have acknowledged their conversion. Secretary Taft in his speeches was very plain and candid in declaring that the Filipinos would not for a generation develop a capacity for self-government. He promised, however, the establishment of the assembly for the islands if insurrection finally ceases. He spoke in high praise of Governor Wright, who, he declared, was a staunch exponent of the doctrine "The Philippines for the Filipinos." If the effect of this trip is what it promises to be, it may stand as the happiest event for the Philippines since the appointment of Judge Taft as Civil Governor.



Archbishop Chapelle When it became known that Archbishop Chapelle, of New Orleans, was stricken with yellow fever, widespread concern was felt for him throughout the country. His death, which occurred on Wednesday of last week, four days after the symptoms of the fever appeared, was the direct consequence of his devotion to duty. He had been traveling through the parishes of Louisiana, rendering to the Roman Catholic churches of that region his official services. Upon learning of the seriousness of the yellow fever epidemic, he hastened to the city of New Orleans, and went immediately to his residence in the heart of the infected district. His purpose in going to New Orleans was to direct the activities of his Church in combating the disease.

An infected mosquito must have transmitted the disease to him almost immediately upon his arrival. He literally received death on his way to help ward off death from the people of the city. His death, like that of Colonel George E. Waring, is to be counted in the heavy cost which has been paid for the maintenance of unsanitary conditions. Like Colonel Waring, Archbishop Chapelle is to be numbered among those who have died for this country. The Most Rev. Placide Louis Chapelle was born in France sixty-three years ago this month. His first years as a priest were spent in Maryland. He was active in establishing the Catholic University at Washington. Through his services as head of the Catholic Indian Missions he became Coadjutor and then Archbishop of Santa Fé. From that office he was transferred by Pope Leo XIII. to the archbishopric of New Orleans. His public services were very eminent. After the Spanish-American War Monsignor Chapelle was selected by the Roman See to attend the negotiations, and he was instrumental in settling the ecclesiastical questions involved. As Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines he represented the Roman Catholic Church in the settlement of the friars' land question. He also directed the affairs of his Church in Cuba and Porto Rico. He was more than an ecclesiastic; he was one of the foremost and probably the most widely known of the men of New Orleans.

The Yellow Fever Situation

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Last week did not see the hoped-for improvement in the fight against yellow fever in New Orleans. There was an increase in the number of cases, although not a very large one. It must be remembered, however, that the disease gained ground very rapidly after its presence was first recognized, and that it cannot be the affair of a moment to get it under complete restraint. The system of inspection and preventive measures instituted under the new control of the United States Marine Hospital, it must also be remembered, has hardly had time to become effective. One of the first announcements made

by Dr. J. H. White, of the Marine Hospital Service, who is now in supreme command of the war against yellow fever, was that severe punishment would be meted, without regard to person or influence, to any physicians found concealing cases of the fever about which they might know. It is almost incredible that such conduct can be attributed to reputable members of the profession, but there have been not a few intimations in the press that from the beginning cases have been concealed both by the attending physician and by the friends of the patients. The latter might be expected among the superstitious and ignorant foreign residents of the lowest quarters of the city, but the first should be made impossible by public spirit and fear of indignation of the people at large. The reports for the week showed a total of deaths by yellow fever of 154, and a total of cases reported from the beginning of nearly one thousand cases. As compared with the terrible yellow fever epidemic of 1878 this report shows nearly double the number of cases in the same time, but, on the other hand, a very much smaller proportion of deaths. One authority states that the death-rate this year has been a trifle over fifteen per cent. of the cases, while in 1878 it was twenty-two and one-half per cent. The largest number of deaths reported in one day was twelve, on Sunday last. The Louisiana State Board of Health has issued a proclamation denouncing many of the parish and local quarantines as embargoes on commerce, illegal and unconstitutional, cruel and inhuman, depriving thousands of food, of medicine, and of medical attendance, and inflicting hardships at once senseless and cruel on thousands of unoffending people.

The School City: Its Effect

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In some of the public schools of Boston there is to be established this fall the institution known as the School City. It is a form of self-government which has been used in some of the schools of New York City, Philadelphia, and other places. It was originally founded by Wilson L. Gill in 1897. The trial was

made in a disorderly school of a thousand pupils or more in the suburbs of New York. The students were so unruly as to require the constant presence of policemen on the playgrounds. Within a week after the pupils were organized as a city, with the right and responsibility of governing themselves, the school became orderly and law-abiding. The boys were willing to obey laws in the making of which they had a share. In other places good results have been attained. In one school near Philadelphia the standard of dress was so low that if any boy wore a linen collar to school it was sure to be torn off. Twenty of the boys had registered under assumed names, so that in case of arrest they would not appear in police courts under their true names. When the School City was organized, the boys came to the principal and confessed the ruse, and asked to be registered in their right names. Unruly conduct was suppressed; neater dress, better manners, and improved scholarship followed. The students maintained their higher standards to the end of the school year last spring. The almost immediate transformation brought about in individual boys and girls by the endowment of responsibility involved in the plan has many illustrations. One boy from the slums who was careless, mischievous, and fond of playing truant was elected a "member of Council." The teacher felt that the choice of this little rascal rendered the republic hopeless; but the children in this, as in many another case, reformed a bad boy by putting him in a position of trust. As this lad said when praised by his teacher for becoming a little gentleman, "You know they expect so much from a member of the City Council." Some of the decisions of the school courts are remarkably appropriate. One pupil, guilty of swearing in the schoolyard and on the streets, was sentenced to ostracism for two days; he was not to speak to any one at recess during that time, and public opinion enforced the order of the court. Trial by their peers on full evidence appeals to the children as just and fair, and they manifest a surprising aptitude for judicial procedure. As legislators, too, the children

display some qualities that their elders would do well to cultivate. No private bill or special legislation has any chance in a School City. There is no graft in the School City, no boodle in the Council, no understanding between the police and wrong-doers. The child citizens have passed and enforced ordinances prohibiting the shooting of peas, the disfigurement of buildings, the making of any noise in the neighborhood of libraries or other places where people may be disturbed by it. "Tattling" has been eliminated; but pupils who would deem it a disgrace to "peach" on fellow-students come to regard it as a civic duty to give evidence to their fellow-students concerning offenders against the laws of the republic.



**The School City:
Its Plan and Its Success**

In a school which has a School City the whole discipline is in the hands of the children. They elect a Mayor and Council. The teachers are present at the meetings of the Council; they retain ultimate authority, but, if tactful, they seldom have to exercise it. The children have a charter, which may be revoked by the teachers, as a city's charter may be revoked by the Legislature. The plan has been adopted in thirty-three schools in Philadelphia, a considerable number in New York, Syracuse, Worcester, Minneapolis, and in public schools in Cuba. The United States Government has asked Mr. Gill to organize the School City in the Philippines as soon as proper arrangements can be made. Playgrounds and school gardens can be conducted by a similar method of self-government. Parks in some Western cities have thus been turned over to the care of the boys. This week the boys of Hamilton Fish Park of New York City elect their Mayor. President Roosevelt has commended "the teaching of civics by the admirable plan originated by Wilson L. Gill in the School City as a form of student government;" Franklin Institute has awarded the plan the highest distinction in its power; and many eminent men, including President Eliot, of Harvard, have approved of it. As Dr. Frank Parsons writes, "If I am ever

a boy again, I hope I may go to school where they have that system." It is believed that one generation of boys thus trained to self-government under conditions free from commercialism would, when they became men, banish political corruption and civic apathy.

by land as well as by water, and has this advantage over Franz Josef Land. Mr. Ziegler had very much at heart the design of planting the American flag at the Pole, but failed because he found no man with the right qualities of personal leadership.



**The Rescue of.
Fiala**

The fears as to the safety of the Polar explorer Anthony Fiala and his party have been dispelled by the report of their rescue. They were found by a relief expedition on Franz Josef Land, where they had sustained themselves, without serious suffering and with the loss of only one man, by recourse to stores and provisions left in the vicinity long ago by the expedition sent out by the Duke of the Abruzzi and by the Andree relief expedition. Their ship, the *America*, was crushed in the ice in the winter of 1903-4 in Netlitz Bay, and they were, of course, unable to take any steps for return or to carry out their design of an advance toward the Pole. Scientific observations of some value were made by the members of the party, it is said, but this attempt to reach the Pole has proved a total failure. It will be remembered that Mr. Fiala was made commander of the expedition by Mr. Ziegler, the wealthy promoter of the enterprise, who recently died, after a first expedition under command of Mr. Baldwin proved a fiasco and resulted in dissension between Mr. Ziegler and Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Fiala had been the photographer of this first expedition, was a man of only thirty-two years of age, and was selected as chief because of his energy and enterprise. As regards many practical matters he was dependent on his assistants, but whether the peculiar constitution of this expedition had anything to do with the disaster which led to its failure is not apparent. Nor does it seem certain that this failure indicates the undesirability of Franz Josef Land as a point of departure. Mr. Peary prefers the route by the north coast of Grant Land, reaching that coast by the channel to the west of Greenland. The point from which he proposes to make his start for the North Pole is accessible

**A Memorial to
Paul Revere**

Of the numerous endeavors that have been made in recent years to preserve memorials, erect monuments, and inscribe tablets in honor of distinguished Americans, there is none that ought to appeal to a wider circle of citizens than the work undertaken in Boston by the Paul Revere Memorial Association. This Association has been formed to raise a fund of thirty thousand dollars for the purchase, renovation, and preservation of the old home, in North Square, Boston, of Paul Revere, whose fame as a Revolutionary hero was made as wide as the English-speaking world by the poet Longfellow. Besides having been the home of Revere for thirty years, and the birthplace of his children, the house possesses an added interest in the fact that it is the oldest house now standing in Boston. It was built as early as 1681. The Revere Memorial Association, it seems to us, offers a rare opportunity to every patriotic American to aid in obtaining for his country one of those centers of personal, historical, and architectural associations of which, in our rage for things new and shiny and costly, we have preserved far too few. The result is that we have to make frequent trips to England to inspect ruined abbeys, romantic castles, and the Tower of London, which we try to think are of profound and serious interest to us because of our English ancestry. Is it not time for us to take a little thought for our American ancestral heroes? Paul Revere was one of a fine type—a patriot, a soldier, and, like Benvenuto Cellini, whom the Florentines delight to honor, a skilled worker in fine gold and silver. The interest in historical associations, which Europeans often think Americans are entirely devoid of, is growing in this country. Any endeavor to encourage it deserves itself to meet with encouragement and success. If every American man and woman over

twenty-one years of age who, when at school, read and perhaps declaimed Longfellow's poem, "Paul Revere's Ride," would send a modest contribution to Major Henry L. Higginson, Treasurer of the Paul Revere Memorial Association, Old South Meeting-House, Boston, the success of this admirable undertaking would be assured.

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General Roy Stone

A gallant soldier who rendered distinguished service in two wars passed away in the recent death of General Roy Stone. Apart from his military career, General Stone was a man of exceeding activity and vigor, who took a lively interest in all public affairs and threw himself with ardor into not a few causes intended to benefit his country and civilization. To this should be added that General Stone had a personality winning in a rare degree, and an enthusiasm which was contagious. In the Civil War he enlisted as a young man, and was rapidly promoted for brilliant achievements in the Virginia campaign until he reached the grade of Colonel. At Gettysburg he had command of the brigade to which his regiment belonged, and there, by his readiness of thought joined to intrepidity of soul, he so took advantage of a critical point in the battle that thereby, as many military critics believe, he saved the day to the Union cause. His brigade had been ordered to hold a certain position at all costs; it instantly became evident that this was impossible in the face of the approaching advance of an immensely larger body of Confederate troops. Instead of either retreating or remaining to be annihilated, General Stone took the desperate course of attacking the enemy. The result was that the Confederate leaders, believing that General Stone must be supported in the rear by forces they could not see, halted and hesitated, and although the valiant brigade was almost cut to pieces, the delay thus caused enabled General Meade to bring up his reserve force and hold the position. In the war with Spain General Stone served on General Miles's staff as Brigadier-General and Chief of Engineers, and in Porto Rico, at the head of a small column of cavalry, he pushed on

through a large part of the island and took possession of many towns. At the close of the war General Stone worked energetically to restore industrial conditions in Porto Rico and to encourage the people to become prosperous and good citizens. Readers of *The Outlook* may remember an article from his pen having these purposes in view. While the exact methods proposed by General Stone did not always prove immediately practicable, his spirit and earnestness have done much to inspire others.

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A Negro Mission
in Kentucky

Last spring, in a speech at Hampton, Dr. Booker Washington expressed a wish for the return of at least one practice of the older days—the custom followed by many of the best white people of the South in teaching the Bible and the religion of Christ to the negro children and their elders. Although this custom has not altogether vanished, it is not common. It is, we are glad to say, revived in the Presbyterian Colored Mission of Louisville, Kentucky. This mission began seven years ago as a little Sunday-school carried on by a few students in the Southern Presbyterian Theological Seminary. Twenty-three pupils and a half-dozen teachers formed the nucleus of the school in a downtown section thickly populated. After the Sunday-school was well under way, a sewing class on Saturday mornings was started by some ladies who were interested in the Sunday work, and later a cooking class was formed; both classes proved popular. At the repeated request of a boy in the mission, a branch of the Sunday-school was started in his neighborhood, a mile away, about two years after the first school was organized; this also grew rapidly and substantially, and is now the larger of the schools. The two schools were, early in their history, put under the care of the Louisville Presbytery. They have grown in attendance and in scope; at the present time they number together on their rolls between four and five hundred pupils, with a force of about thirty-five teachers, who, with the exception of the superintendent, Mr. Little, are voluntary, unpaid instructors. The pupils range

from kindergarten size to grown boys and girls. Four years ago an old brick church was purchased for the use of the larger school—a building that seated three hundred persons, and had several rooms in addition that could be used as class-rooms for the industrial work, which last year included sewing, cooking, and some simple carpentry classes. At present there is a serious need of some similar enlargement of the older and smaller school, which is sadly crowded in its contracted quarters.

The Struggle for Religious Equality

The jubilee year of the "Liberator," a British journal established in 1835 by the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control, gives occasion for a remarkable record of progress. The early history of this society parallels that of the anti-slavery societies in our own country, when Mr. Garrison published his "Liberator" in Boston. Vituperation and persecution were its common fare. Social ostracism and the boycott were constantly employed against it. To-day it has won to its principles many of the laity and the clergy of the Established Church. Beginning with the Act of 1856, admitting Nonconformists to degrees in Cambridge University, twenty-eight acts which it has advocated have been carried through Parliament. Of this record the "Spectator," a supporter of the Establishment, says that it may well be envied by the supporters of other special interests. Four of these acts were in amendment of burial laws. Fifty years ago no Nonconformist could be buried in a churchyard except with the Anglican Church service, while Quakers and the unbaptized children of Baptists could not be buried with any service at all. When the Rev. Dr. Fletcher wished to present Queen Victoria with a copy of the sermon he had preached and published on the Prince's birth, the Lord Chamberlain, through whom it had been forwarded, returned it, stating that, as it was not sanctioned by the Established Church, it was inconsistent with his public duty to present it to her Majesty. Quite a different sort of Churchman was Mr. Gladstone, who in his

riper years concurred with Liberationist principles so far as to carry through the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869. Quite different, too, is the spirit of King Edward, who has contributed to the erection of Nonconformist chapels on his estate. The uphill struggle for religious equality has been at every point a winning struggle. Manifestations of a fraternal spirit between Anglicans and Free Churchmen have begun to abound. In 1851 the churches of the Establishment had, in round numbers, a million more sittings than the Free Churches. In 1904 the Free Churches had the extra million.

Insurance Legislation

As a result of the agitation caused by the disclosure of conditions in the Equitable Assurance Society, public opinion in several States is demanding that insurance legislation be made more stringent. The State of New York has chosen, as our readers know, a committee from its Legislature to investigate the insurance business and report a bill on the subject. This committee is already at work. It announced last week that it had retained Charles E. Hughes and James McKeen as counsel. Mr. Hughes, in conducting the gas investigation in New York, displayed qualities of courage and efficiency invaluable in carrying out a public inquiry; and Mr. McKeen, who was Assistant Corporation Counsel in Mayor Low's administration, has established his reputation for directness and rugged honesty. Commissioners from several States are in New York, also, to inquire into insurance methods. It is not unreasonable to hope that the outcome of their inquiry and recommendations will be juster and more uniform insurance legislation in several States.

Two currents of opinion regarding the present state of affairs in life insurance should be carefully distinguished. One current of opinion is directed against the wrong-doers; it is set upon bringing faithless custodians to their deserts. The other current of opinion is directed to the remedy of conditions; it is, in

particular, set upon revising the laws so that misdeeds of the sort that have in the past become common will in the future be so perilous as to be rare. The difference between these two currents of opinion is the difference between retribution and protection. To secure retribution the people have a right to demand action by the executive departments of the State Government. To secure protection they have a right to demand action by the Legislature. As it is not the function of the Executive to make laws, so it is not the function of the Legislature to punish wrong-doers.

This distinction between the two functions of government ought to be kept clearly in mind in any consideration of the duties intrusted to the committee of the New York Legislature appointed to investigate the affairs of insurance matters in that State. It is, however, a distinction which has not been observed in much of the discussion on the subject. Popular feeling has been naturally and justly aroused against the men who have made money for themselves by manipulating the money intrusted to them. Indignation of this sort is not conducive to a wise discrimination. It can be allayed only when the wrong-doers have suffered either the legal penalty they have incurred or the equally grave punishment of shattered reputations. Any governmental action, therefore, which does not strike against individuals will, so long as this indignation lasts, run the risk of being regarded as either timorous or disingenuous. Inasmuch as this legislative investigation is not a search for culprits but for remedies, it has already encountered, as we feared it would encounter, the suspicion of being a scheme to lead public opinion off on a wrong scent. That suspicion is based on nothing that the committee has done or left undone; it has simply grown out of the failure to distinguish between the function of a prosecuting attorney and the function of a legislative body.

Although the time for the appointment of this committee may not have been propitious because of the state of the popular mind, the fact that some time such an investigation would be made was hardly less than inevitable. Now that

the committee has been appointed and has begun its work, it ought to be accorded the confidence and support which it must have if it is to do its important work well. The Commissioners from Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Louisiana have consulted it and probably will secure its co-operation. The people of New York State in particular ought to watch it; they ought to believe that it is honest and able unless it should be proved to be the contrary. They ought not to expect it to do the work of a detective or a district attorney. And they ought to hold it up to a high standard by assuming that it will do its own work efficiently.

The people of the State have the right to expect that the committee will be thorough, honest, and fearless. The fact that the committee is not appointed to put prisoners on the rack does not free it from the obligation to be relentless in its search for every fact that will throw light on remedial legislation. In the course of its investigation it may come upon the dishonorable record of men in high station. The people have the right to expect that it will not conceal such a record out of hope for favor or fear of resentment. The selection, by the sub-committee on counsel, of Mr. McKeen and Mr. Hughes as the lawyers for the investigation, is a more emphatic declaration for thoroughness, honesty, and fearlessness than any explicit announcement could be.

The people of the State have a right to expect that the investigation will be broad in scope. The disclosures regarding the methods of the Equitable Assurance Society ought not to mark the limits of this Committee's inquiry. There is every reason to believe that practices which have brought trouble to that Company are common in other companies, and that the methods by which insurance is generally conducted need further legal restriction.

The people, therefore, have a right to expect that the investigation will be deliberate. Studying the methods of a great institution like life insurance is very different from bringing a guilty man to justice. The procedure of this committee cannot be like that of a gov-

ernment attorney quickly and incisively prosecuting a criminal; it is more like that of a body of engineers surveying a country for the building of a railroad. It may be expeditious, but it must be careful and comprehensive.

The people of the State, finally, have the right to expect that the outcome will be a well-designed plan. Those who are eager to see the whole life insurance edifice repaired must remember that this committee is charged not only with the discovery of present defects but also with the erection of a renovated building. It is a task not merely of criticism but also of construction.

Partisans and self-chosen censors have already formed their judgment of the merits of this committee's achievement before it has been achieved. Wise men will await the result. The virtue of that result will depend, not on the number of men who go to jail or lose their reputations as the result of this committee's discoveries, but on the effectiveness of the bill which the committee will present to the Legislature for enactment.



When is Compromise Justifiable?

How much compromise is admissible; if any, in the administration of governmental affairs, and also of business affairs? Can a man, taking conditions as he finds them, succeed without compromise? An apt illustration of one extreme is given in Robert Louis Stevenson's essay on Henry D. Thoreau, in which he speaks of Thoreau's refusal to pay the State tax, because he did not think it right to support a Government which upheld slavery. This, of course, meant the destruction of the State, with all which that would entail of evil effects. He did not consider that. Paul Morton has made the statement recently that he could not do business without giving rebates; that is, he could not "succeed." President Roosevelt, in a recent address before a Massachusetts college, spoke of "fanciful idealism" as distinct from what must be carried out in real practice. Many of the men who joined the Standard Oil Trust claim that they had to do so in order to succeed in business. It seems to me that Thoreau was wrong in that he did not attempt to balance the evil results and choose the least important. His vision did not comprehend a great enough field. A true statesman, of course, differs from him in that. Perhaps the President is justified on

this ground. Are Mr. Morton and men in his position justified? R. S. B.

We can give to this question no categorical reply. We can only indicate a principle to be applied in its solution, and indicate some of its applications. The principle is this: Never compromise as to the end to be secured; generally be ready to compromise as to the means to be employed.

For example: In a given village there is a temperance movement. Some of those interested in the movement demand total abolition of the liquor traffic; some want to license one or two good hotels and confine the sale of liquor to the traveling public; some want a limited number of orderly saloons; while there are a considerable number in the community who want a "wide-open town." Assuming that the *end* which the temperance reformers have in view is a diminution of drinking and drunkenness, they should be willing to compromise as to the methods to be employed. The radicals who want prohibition should be willing to co-operate with the conservatives who want limitation; there should be mutual concessions and agreement reached as to the number of saloons, and a common cause made to reduce them to that number.

So, again: In a pioneer village twenty men and women wish to establish a church. Some are Methodists, some Baptists, some Episcopalians, some Congregationalists. Their end ought to be the promotion of Christian work and worship in the village. And they ought to be willing to compromise on questions of creed and ritual; either by the minority's acceptance of the church form of the majority, or by an organization providing for the use of different rituals and the employment of preachers of different ecclesiastical affiliations.

Apply this principle to governmental and industrial questions.

The object of Mr. Lincoln was the perpetuation of the Union without the extension of slavery. This was the end he had in view, and he would listen to no compromise which proposed to sacrifice either end; but he would refuse no compromise which promised to secure them both. In the ends sought he was

uncompromising; in the means to be employed he was constantly compromising. Again: The object of industry is service. This ought to be the end equally whether the worker is a preacher, a school-teacher, a doctor, or a railroad president. The teacher is trying to develop the boys and girls in his charge into true men and women. He may be required by the school board to take text-books not so good as the best, and to crowd too many children into one room and under one teacher, and generally he should submit. But if the text-books are of such a quality or the conditions of the room are such as in his judgment will promote ignorance, not education, and will stunt the children intellectually or physically, he ought to refuse, though his refusal result in his losing his post. He must not consent to cease educating the children in order to keep his place, though he may and often must consent to educate them in a way not the best in order to educate them at all.

The object of a railroad president ought not to be to make money for either himself or his stockholders; it ought to be to serve the community. To do this he must make the railroad pay, but paying is the means, the service of the public is the end. If he cannot carry on the railroad, cannot continue to administer it as a highway, cannot get the money necessary to carry freight and passengers, without meeting the rebates of his competitors by giving rebates himself, it may be legitimate to do so. Whether it is legitimate or not depends upon circumstances; and one of those circumstances, and perhaps the most important, is the true answer to this question: Is the granting of rebates necessary to the continued successful administration of the road?

This is not saying that "the end justifies the means." It is not saying that we may employ any means to accomplish a righteous end. It is saying that the question, What means may rightfully be employed to accomplish a rightful end? is one on which compromise is often necessary and legitimate, while on the question, What is a rightful end? compromise is generally, if not always, illegitimate.

We repeat that we can give no categorical reply to the question of our correspondent. It presents itself in an infinity of forms, and no one principle will answer them all. But this principle may help to answer many of them as they arrive: Compromise as to the means to be employed; be uncompromising as to the ends to be sought.



Independence and Freedom

The people of the United States achieved political independence one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, but they have still to achieve freedom. This is, on the whole, the most independent country of the world, but it has, in some respects, less freedom than many other countries which are under dynastic rule. The Declaration of Independence affirms not only that all people are created equal, but that all men have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Now, it is precisely these rights that are denied on all sides in this country. It is impossible to take up the morning paper without finding a group of reports of denials of these rights to American citizens. A tabulated statement of the so-called accidents in the streets and on the railways of this country would appall all thoughtful men and show how vain is the claim that men have a right to life in the United States. At the present time a greater number of men and women and children are maimed or killed in the streets of New York every year than fall in many considerable modern battles. On a recent Sunday there were in this neighborhood ten accidents from automobiles, in which three persons were killed, eight persons injured, and several driving disasters brought about, the results of which were not reported. In every case these accidents were due either to reckless high speed on the part of the persons driving the automobiles, or to the ignorance of those persons. There is not a highway in the vicinity of New York in which, through incompetency or the recklessness of drivers of automobiles, the right of life

is not denied to men and women every day of the week and every hour of daylight. American citizens will not possess the right to live until they are protected as men are protected in German and other Continental cities, by rigorous enforcement of regulations under which no one can drive an automobile until he has proved his competence to manage that difficult and dangerous machine, and, being competent, no man can exceed a certain speed without serious penalties which are absolutely certain to be inflicted.

Nor are American men and women secure in the possession of the right to pursue happiness; for happiness consists to a very considerable extent in the consciousness of personal safety for one's self, one's children, and one's friends, in the command of privacy, in the possibility of living one's family life without being subjected to the spies of yellow journals which thrive by distorting innocent transactions into scandals, in freedom from intrusion, in habitual courtesy of treatment from public servants, conductors of trains and of street conveyances of every kind, in the absence of personal indignities in the form of being pulled on and off public conveyances, pushed in an unseemly manner through the gates of ferry-houses, jammed and pressed and bruised in rushing mobs at stations. The American, through a mistaken good nature, submits to more personal indignities than any other man in the world. There is less regard paid to him as an individual than is paid to any other man who calls himself free and who has the right of the ballot anywhere else in the world. Between the recklessness and indifference to life of some chauffeurs and motormen, the insolence of some conductors of public conveyances, the impertinence and indecency of some newspaper reporters of journals whose columns are fed with all manner of personal items, the lack of consideration of men and women in hot haste to save thirty seconds at stations and ferry-houses, the American is more generally deprived of the right to pursue happiness in his own way and on his own terms than any other civilized man.

This statement does not take into

account at all the more serious deprivation of rights to which he is subjected, including the withdrawal of the right to govern himself; for in half a dozen States and in a multitude of American cities the American people are not governing themselves; they are governed by a group of self-constituted bosses. Nor does it include the right to secure the necessities of life on fair terms. Two years ago, during the strike in the coal fields, the American people stood by helpless, and were on the verge of freezing, paying in the meantime great advance of prices in order that the owners of the mines and their employees might fight their battle undisturbed. Later the same people paid advanced rates for meats in order that the packers and their employees might indulge in one of those industrial civil wars which are a feature of our time. In New York City the American citizen who wishes to build was not long ago helpless in the hands of a "combine" of contractors and labor unions. Political independence Americans have; individual freedom they have not yet secured.



The Spectator

In well-considered phrase, the Spectator would say that there *lies* before him now a dingy brown book which for many long years he sought as vainly as Thoreau sought his lost trio—a horse, a dog, and a dove;—or was it a whale or a camel? The book is called "Inquire Within." It is a *vade mecum*, a "compendium of useful knowledge." It contains a mosaic of scraps upon all subjects. The items are numbered; the last of the series is No. 3,779 and describes a "good liquid glue." To illustrate the scope of this volume—it is a very Bishop Whewell in making a foible of omniscience—take No. 1,588 in comparison with the glue recipe. In this earlier item the Spectator learns that he must not be so incorrect and so self-deceiving as to say, "My clothes have become too small for me," but must admit, more in sorrow than in anger, "I have grown too stout for my clothes." Then in No. 807 he is advised, "If you dance well, dance but

seldom." This is to make the spectacle a rarity.

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Evidently the original perpetrator of this hodge-podge was an early discoverer of the ease with which compilation furnishes what thought can never compass. And yet, owing to the frequent references to this book by an older relative, in answer to the Spectator's youthful inquiries, such as, "Why do turtles have shells outside and peaches inside?" the desire to own and consult the household oracle in brown became at last overpowering. One day the Spectator found the coveted treasure in a second-hand book store, and for seventy-five cents one human soul ceased to yearn for its "Carcassonne."

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And what then? Why, nothing! The oracle was present, and all its knowledge at the Spectator's command; but by that time the puzzle about the peach and the turtle had lost all charm. Evolution had given new names to all the old ingredients, and the recipes ceased to apply. The Spectator found that when the reader had been instructed to "boil gum-arabic in a pipkin, and add sandarac, cream-of-tartar, and cloves," it was with no other purpose than to provide Revolutionary housewives with a glue inferior to that the present-day druggist would gladly barter for a paltry dime. The instruction to banish roaches by "powdered sassafras leaves" was an economic absurdity, since the Spectator or any of his household could readily procure a far more lethal compound, including a fascinating bellows-gun, at a far less expenditure of time and labor, by applying to the twentieth-century hardware man. Turning to "No. 1,886," the information was vouchsafed that "Ladies will often find among their discarded artificial-flowers leaves and buds that will serve as the basis of the wax models." Yea, O Oracle, in thy time, mayhap; but not in the Spectator's more sophisticated days, when even that fascinating art thou callest "Potichomanie" is lost save as a word groped out by an ambitious lexicographer to gall a rival dictionary-maker. Artificial flow-

ers have been nipped by "*les neiges d'antan*."

No. These collections of useful knowledge are only the rubbish-heaps of the past. If the magician condescends to explain his tricks, he exposes only those that have lost their market value. The recipes that avail are kept within the charmed circle of those who profit by them. As to directions for the arts, it has been the Spectator's sad experience that they have their prototype in the time-honored sculptor's secret—"Take a block of stone and a chisel, and knock off all you don't want. N. B. A mallet will hasten the work," or in that infallible method for learning the German language in twenty-four hours: "Divide the language into six parts and learn one every four hours." We cannot deny these solutions save by the plea of personal incapacity, and then the retort has been forged by Dr. Johnson, and lies ready to our assailant. He is *not* bound to furnish us with an understanding.

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Few have collected manuals of practical information more zealously than the Spectator, and yet, in an emergency, it is always the upstart bystander who cures the ill, while the owner of the manuals stands at gaze. Not long ago a balky horse remained in *statu quo*, blocking the trolley commerce of the imperial borough of Brooklyn. The Spectator was certain that some of his printed oracles contained recipes for that trouble. One, if memory be not at fault, recommended the filling of the horse's nostrils with dirt; another prescribed leading the horse around "until he was dizzy." But while the Spectator stood reflectant, a stock, a stone, an idle thing, behold the young man, who mayhap never in his life had read a manual of useful knowledge, steps forward, seizes the bit, sways right, then suddenly left—and away goes balky "Dobbin" and all the book theories.

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Or Deborah, the Spectator's faithful handmaid, has a toothache, and appears

swollen in cheek and inconsolable, unfit for domestic service. The Spectator hastens to the "Index." 'Tis undeniably for toothache; and, soft!—here it is: "Bind horseradish upon the left wrist."

So! 'Tis done.

And then expectant joy upon the Spectator's benignant face confronts hopeless pain in Deborah's distorted visage. A short time is permitted to elapse. Save for an inflamed wrist, and an exchange of facial expressions between quack and patient, nothing happens. The theorist steals softly away to his study, and Deborah departs for the dentist's.

The Spectator's chef has, by his advice, put charcoal into the water when boiling cabbages. According to the oracle, this prevents the odor. According to sad human experience, the triumph of the *odor cabbagensis* is overwhelming, pervasive, and, to use the current term, "convincing."



But why multiply examples? Let us summarize. All directions given in manuals of useful knowledge are futile. Burning camphor in a room will *not* kill the mosquitoes. Boiling out coffee-pots with soda simply hastens the purchase of a new coffee-pot. Strips of paper fluttering in a window will *not* exclude flies. Putting salt on claret-stains simply wastes salt. In all domestic difficulties the Spectator has learned to shun printed advice, and to call in the special "man" who remedies such things. The amateur plumber who thaws out frozen pipes with newspaper torches courts trouble with the insurance-adjuster. In actual, concrete experience the self-inspired tinker who tries to solder his own kettle burns his fingers and has his labor for his pains, and his pains for his labor.



Emerson no doubt has told us the same truths, but the Spectator cannot pause to find out exactly where. It will be easier to write it as Emerson would do than to search his works for the ideas.

The passage, if found, might read somewhat as follows:

THEORY

The poet's fingers do not fit the hoe; his fields are fertilized with ink. Chanticleer may crow, but Biddy is the sublunary omelet agency. Charlemagne found the Saxons unsubdued until his horse's hoof had fallen upon the soil; yet it was not with steel but with the eye he smote them. Patrick and the tubers are old friends, and the hill quickly yields its treasures to his crooked stick though denying them to civilization's triple-patented excavators.

Often at dawn I have watched the sun rise, and seen the blossoms on the potato-field claim Apollo's earliest rays, unafraid, recipient of glory-food. A reformer to be shot at sunrise in some foreign cantonment may to the eye of the ages be no more significant than the opening vegetable blossom, and equally a participant in the day's glory.

Why shun fruit and nuts to fry potatoes? The sturdy Yankee, whittling his stick by the village store, lank, lean, dyspeptic, is the inevitable resultant. To the eye of philosophy, he is but a section of the natural man, frizzled, contracted, browned, by the transcendental frying of his interior. But let not the bigot leap root to fruit—from the potato to pie. Pie is the marriage of the grain with the fruit—the perfect food. Nay, even the omnivorous dental-formula of man responds to mince pie—fit nutriment for the graminivorous, frugivorous, carnivorous, arboreal biped that perches grinning on constitutions, believing himself the apex, because, forsooth, he does not look up to the lark singing o'erhead. Tarts?—the tart is but the embryo pie of Europe, lacking the periphery of the boundless prairie.

But, as I was saying, if you mean to raise turnips, go hire Dennis. He will raise enough for you and for himself—and you may sit couched in your study perusing the latest treatise on "Practical Farming."

THE FARM

Dig and delve
Till twelve.
Go in and shut the door,
Return no more.
The dew will fall
Though no man call.
That's all.
And pie?—well, why
Not grocery?



Which, put into the Spectator's everyday English, means, "If you want a thing done, don't try to do it by means of the 'How-to' books, but hire a professional, and pay him out of the proceeds of your own specialty. And this conclusion the Spectator cordially recommends to his readers.

The Portsmouth Conference

From a Staff Correspondent

IN 1869 American lads were reading Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" in that sterling old magazine, "Our Young Folks." The scene of the story was "Rivermouth," really Portsmouth. In visiting the old town to-day one instinctively looks among the many fine Colonial houses for that in which lived Tom Bailey—was he really the youthful Thomas Bailey Aldrich? We finally find a mansion answering to our notion of what Tom's home was. We fancy him flattening his nose against that very window-pane as he gazed, fascinated, all day long upon a snow-storm, something unknown in his previous home in the South. Out upon the stoop steps Miss Abigail—surely it is she!—who came to Portsmouth to spend a few weeks and stayed thirty years. By this time we, too, feel as if we would like to sojourn thirty years in one of these spacious mansions, with its perfect architectural lines within as without—for the front door is open, maybe, and one glances past the Colonial door-jambs and stair-newel. Is that Captain Nutter coming down from the second floor and pretending to smoke, Miss Abigail fainting as usual, when he dared to smoke in the house? We look through the open door at the back of the hall to the corn-patch and the hollyhocks and the stretch of lawn sloping down to where the blue inlet tide washes the grassy bank. Down there Tom and Pepper Whitcomb are chasing each other barefoot. They are playing tag all over the town, as one may see who strolls through the streets or drives through on the way to the Wentworth to visit the Peace people. We cannot escape those rascals, Tom and Pepper, popping out of these yards, dashing around these corners or in the distance, rowing with much splash some old tub of a boat up the sleepy river. It is Tom and Pepper who give a welcome touch of color and movement to a sober old place, as it has a right to be when one remembers that the settlement dates back to but a few years after the Pilgrims' landing at Plymouth.

You look across the inlet out to sea and think of poor Binny Wallace drifting away to his death; you are full of Mr. Aldrich's classic as you pass the old graveyard, where funny Pepper Whitcomb used to come and sit in the days of his hopeless passion. English, not to say American, indeed, not to say Yankee, is the language of your thought as you muse on Tom Bailey and all his friends and all their works. For the moment Tom seems the only type of humanity worth while in all the world—others fade into nothingness.

Suddenly one reappears—the Slav. Big, gray, kind eyes are looking at you. A rather large mouth displays dazzling teeth and inquires, "Monsieur, vous parlez français?" Your seat-mate has taken off his hat politely, showing a high forehead. His hair is not unduly long—why do we generally picture French-speaking men with long hair?—and his clothes have a decidedly American cut. You had not dreamed of his being a foreigner. You recall that, when the horses shied at the trolley-car and not at an auto, you had remarked upon it to this seat-neighbor and you now remember that he had not replied save by a smile. A common basis of speech established, he becomes talkative. You discover that he is a Russian diplomat. Gradually you get to talking about international affairs, as seems inevitable in these days of momentous settlements and probable political changes in the map of Eastern Asia. You now catch a glimpse of the bare, barn-like looking structure over there on the island where the Portsmouth Navy-Yard is located, and you are thrilled to think how quickly that rather ungainly structure has become historic. In your best French you communicate this impression to your next-door neighbor. The careful diplomat quickly becomes lost in the really impulsive Russian jingo. He exclaims: "It seems to me that the Japanese are paying little attention to what we want, need, can do. Even if we would, we cannot grant their absurd

supposed demands. They are dictating terms as if they had conquered all Russia instead of overrunning a quarter of the Chinese province of Manchuria, we holding the remaining three-quarters. Little do they think that their demands will now unite all Russia, as not hitherto, against Japan. You may say that we are humiliated already, and so we are by the fortunes of war, but Russia will not consent to a humiliating peace with any one—least of all with a little yellow race. Think of the bumptious Komura daring to use the unreadable Japanese language in his credentials instead of French, the one recognized language of diplomacy! That's what we get for consenting to come to a conference. It surprises me that here in America you treat a Mongolian race as your equals. We would never do that in Russia. And yet, do you know, Monsieur, we Russians get on with Asiatic peoples socially infinitely better than the English do, or than you do out in your Philippines."

And so he pours forth his plaint until the dust chokes both our throats. Why could not the town of Portsmouth have spent a trifle in watering the miles of dusty road leading to the Wentworth? If the town scorns to spend a cent beyond its own limits, then "the sovereign State of New Hampshire" should.

Here we are, rattling across the bridge and up on the rocky knoll where the hotel is proudly placed. The long, broad piazzas, swept by ocean breezes, invite the stroller and sitter alike; still more, however, the walks down to and by the sea. You take your seat on a soft bank under some willows which mark the limit of the beach. The lush grass stands up high on one side, and beyond the yellow goldenrod nods against the gray rock. A few gnarled old apple-trees rise up here and there, and framed in their green float the stars and stripes in the gentle salt breeze. The flag marks the site of the hotel, which you cannot see from this nook. You lie in the soft grass and lean against a great willow trunk and listen to the gurgle of the water against the seaweed on one side and to a bird-song on the other, and you say to yourself that if Portsmouth means a certain restful detachment from over-much modernity and

complexity, here is a place which speaks of an entire detachment. It will spell sleep to you, too, if you stay long enough! So you bestir yourself, and enjoy a number of other such lovely sea and landscapes. You have left restfully far behind the murky, heavy, heated air of the great cities to the south. On one of these cool, clear days Portsmouth seems an ideal place for the making of peace. What a pity that the plenipotentiaries cannot enjoy this as they should! One of them tried to take a walk in the wood to-day, but was followed by so many curious footsteps, as he said, that he must needs turn back and seek the greater solitude of his own room; and the rooms of no summer hotel, however spacious, satisfy the lover of out-of-doors.

The two embassies had not been here an hour before the hotel people noted the businesslike methods of the Japanese and the unbusinesslike methods of the Russians. As soon as final assignments of rooms were made, a Japanese messenger confronted the clerk at the desk with a complete list of the members of the Japanese embassy. Against each name was the number of the designated dignitary's room. This prompt plan pleased the overworked hotel clerks, and they requested a similar favor of the Russians. It was granted—after two days.

Nevertheless, the Russians seem to have made more impression on the newspaper fraternity here than have the Japanese. It is possible that racial sympathies and antipathies may have had some slight influence, but the main reason is undoubtedly the greater reserve observed by the Japanese. They are scrupulously polite, but they are less "accessible" than are their opponents.

Though the Russians did not find enough ash-trays in their rooms, though the Japanese do not find dinky "but-tonses" as prompt as are their own servants, and though both Russians and Japanese find the climate less cool and the mosquitoes more abundant than they had supposed, the embassies seem fairly satisfied with their surroundings, particularly as they have all been delivered from a harassing fear. They had heard about those New England shore

inns, where, instead of the dinner to which they have been accustomed, the evening meal consists of clam chowder, hot rolls and butter, twelve kinds of pie and twelve kinds of cake. Who wonders that New England theology is sometimes peculiar! Well, if not extravagantly fed and housed, with a new Government building across the bay at their service for the conferences, and with natty launches to take them to and fro, the whole free of cost, the embassies, as one of their number remarked, "might really be much worse off."

But they evince no contagious content. One seems to see only preoccupation and seriousness in the faces of such notable members on the Russian side as Professor Martens, the eminent authority on international law, and Dmitri Pokotilov, Russian Minister at Peking, and the power behind the famous Russo-Chinese bank. Of the two Russian plenipotentiaries, Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador at Washington, is apparently the more accustomed to deal with all sorts of men and to success with them—witness the appreciation in which he is held by the Japanese, who do not forget his services, when Minister at Tokyo, to them as well as to the Russians. But even Baron Rosen cannot mask his sense of grave, special responsibility. In contrast the face of his colleague, younger in years, Sergius Witte, the ranking Russian plenipotentiary, is more boyish and his movements more unconventional. He has a bluff, hearty manner. Yesterday he cleverly complimented Baron Komura on being a Harvard type, adding, "I went to visit Harvard, for I like the type." But, in general, Sergius Witte's lumbering form moves uneasily to and fro; he seems ill at ease, as if the world of diplomacy were not made for the sometimes harsh manner and tactics he has used in his own world of finance. In that world he has won a brilliant success, and is a splendid example of the self-made man. The poor railway porter and clerk is now President of the Imperial Council of Ministers. It is unfortunate that what he has to say to the Japanese generally, whether compliments or counter-proposals, must be made through an interpreter. Why

such diplomats as Baron Komura, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Kogoro Takahira, Japanese Minister at Washington, should have forgotten most of their French is certainly a mystery. Sergius Witte speaks French, but not much English. Thus, of the four plenipotentiaries, Baron Rosen, speaking both French and English, is the only "citizen of the world." The envoys have now agreed that the French and English languages shall be jointly used at the conferences, and that the official minutes shall be recorded in both.

Nor do the Japanese appear jovial. They are here, as at home, more serious, psychologically and politically, than are the Russians, as recent events have abundantly proved. Mr. Takahira's broad shoulders are bent, but frailer shoulders than his really bear the burden of this conference. The face of Japan's Foreign Minister, and, of course, ranking plenipotentiary, is sphinx-like in its solemnity. It is a silent, imperturbable, inflexible visage. The slight frame is in striking contrast with Sergius Witte's huge physique, towering more than a foot above the tiny Baron. On the other hand, far more striking is the helplessness of material brawn even accompanied by a masterful Witte head when confronted by a fine type of the still more masterful mental power and discipline which has made "war by prearrangement" possible. Komura and Witte seem the modern David and Goliath.

David's sling, according to a Japanese friend, is supposed to be filled with the following stones: "In any war," declares this friend, "the defeated side pays the bills. Hence we expect reimbursement—a softer word for indemnity, as Baron Komura says—from Russia. In actual expense, without counting the contingent, the war has cost a million dollars a day, and has lasted a year and a half. Such a reimbursement would be moderate compared with Bismarck's successful demand of France to pay a billion dollars at the close of a much shorter war. Next, Russia will be invited to acknowledge, first, our protectorate over Korea, and, second, the principle of the 'open door' in Manchuria.

We expect that Russia will evacuate Manchuria and, with China's consent, will transfer to us the leases of the Port Arthur peninsula, of the Chinese Eastern Railway from Harbin to the sea, and of any other privileges in the province. Saghalien would naturally revert to the ownership from which it was snatched thirty years ago, and, in addition, we might, I think, properly request a grant of fishing rights in the waters of the Siberian littoral northward from Vladivostok to Bering Sea. Russian vessels in neutral ports east of Singapore ought to be ours, and we would not exceed our rights, I fancy, if we insisted that Russian naval forces in Pacific waters be not augmented beyond a certain limit. There are two things which might be added, and on which, in my somewhat aroused jingo opinion, we have a right to insist. One is the acquiring of that part of the trans-Siberian railway which lies in Manchurian territory. The road runs from the Siberian frontier across northern Manchuria, through Harbin, to the narrow strip of territory on which Vladivostok is situated, instead of by the longer route wholly in Russian territory, as at first planned. The next matter on which we might insist is the surrender and neutralization of Vladivostok itself."

Whether in these terms or others, the Japanese made twelve proposals on the anniversary of the final sortie of the Russian fleet from Port Arthur. The terms from Tokyo, as delivered by Baron Komura, were received by the Russian plenipotentiaries, who asked for "time to consider them." As a Japanese diplomat remarked, "The terms are not so much bases for bargaining as bases for either peace or war. Russia is to decide whether the war is to be continued or not. And," added he, slowly and solemnly, "if Russia believes that Japan is asking much only to compromise on little, we propose promptly to disabuse her mind of that, as we did a decade ago with China. But what is Russia? Is it King Stork or King Log? When we addressed the Russian Government diplomatically two years since, we had answers, almost always outrageously delayed, sometimes from Count Lamsdorf, sometimes from

Viceroy Alexiev. Now, Count Lamsdorf ought to have been supreme chief in foreign affairs, just as Baron Komura is in ours. But a Lamsdorf type of peace man was not always wanted by the Plehve people, then running affairs in Petersburg. It seemed as if the war were putting Admiral Alexiev over the Foreign Minister's head, at least in what concerned the Far East. So, now, with whom are we dealing? The Czar of Witte, Lamsdorf, Khilkov, Mirsky, or of the Grand Dukes, Bezobrazov, Alexiev, Pobiedonostev? No one knows. The Czar may blow hot one day; he blows cold the next. Only one thing stands firm—Japan's implacable purpose to protect herself from what Senator Beveridge would call 'the Russian advance.'"

That purpose is not so much to be paid for the past as, in President Roosevelt's words, "by a just and lasting peace" to secure the future. Japan's national existence has been menaced by a standing and increasing danger. The removal of that danger should leave Japan not only freer nationally, but as well the commercial and military mistress of the Far East.

The Portsmouth Conference may or may not free Japan from the Russian danger, and free Russia, too, from an external conflict to attend to the internal warfare, daily more perilous to the existing government. In any event, the American President's auspicious act has taken high and permanent place in the history of humane endeavors. Peace may be delayed, but it is bound to come, and to come much sooner than if Mr. Roosevelt's far-sighted energy and tact had been withheld. Neither side would willingly offend a great and friendly Government with which both are sincerely desirous to be on the best terms. America had admittedly already become, commercially, politically, educationally, a world power. But, now by new applications of the Monroe Doctrine in the Western Hemisphere, now by calling warring Powers from the Eastern Hemisphere to a settlement on our friendly but neutral soil, she is a world power in the truest sense. She is the missioner of peace and justice among the nations.

E. F. B.

Why Russia and Japan Should Shake Hands

By William Elliot Griffis

IN the world's parliament the voice of the American people is for peace. Since both Czar and Mikado have honored the United States as no sovereigns have ever done, may they both listen to that voice. No argument from the present political or military situation shall enter into this article. The appeal is to history, for the advantage of both nations and the good of humanity.

Japan and Russia ought to shake hands because of mutual benefits gained during a century of contact. History and the race will decide against ethnic claims and conceits and pass judgment on the truth of facts.

All things grow by outside pressure. Inward forces have no vitality apart from foreign stimulus. I make bold to say that, without Muscovy's presence and Nippon's fear of her, there would have been no new Japan to-day, certainly no world power. In Greek, three words picture fear—of the craven, cautious, heroic sort. Through these ascendant grades, Yedo bureaucrats, Mikado-reverencers, and Meiji statesmen have passed. A century ago Muscovite pioneers hovering about the unknown northern frontiers of Dai Nippon compelled the Japanese to explore their own country. They, no more than the Russians, knew the unmapped sub-arctic region. Mamiya Rinzo, who had been in Saghalien, was commissioned in 1808 to make personal research in the far north. In a sharp-snouted vessel shaped like a *dachshund* or a "Durham boat," sixty feet long by four abreast, Mamiya found what no civilized man had known before, that Saghalien was an island, and this forty years before the Russian Nevolskoy. In 1905, on the superb map of the Hydrographic Bureau in Tokyo, we read, while rejoicing in historic justice, the "Strait of Mamiya," instead of "Straits of Tartary."

No single element in Japan's nineteenth-century development had so uni-

fying a power as the fear of Russia. This was not craven, but wholesome, purifying fear. As purgative, it expelled feudalism; as tonic, it braced a nation. What but fear of the Great Bear made the Shogun wed his daughter to a far northern daimio, build forts in Yedo Bay, garrison the icy frontier despite severe cold and lonely winters, first censor and then suppress certain writings, and finally cast into prison as alarmists the authors, who sounded the danger signal when excitement had lulled and slumber had again stolen over the eyelids of ease-loving bureaucrats? These, lapped in the luxury of Yedo, grudged the money spent for distant defense, because they wanted it in "graft" for indulgence at home. This same feeling of danger from Russia fed the fires of Mikadoism, and finally broke the crust of repression. The Oyomei philosophy, the revival of Shinto and of Japanese learning, the rise of Chinese classicism and of the critical school of historians, the movement of Europeans in Asia and the outside influences from America and the West, had all their part. But, unifying all within Japan for decision, and calling for action, was the ever-looming shadow of Slavic ambition. Fear was the hammer which, in the fires of civil war in 1868-'70, beat into unity the disintegrated Japan of three hundred feudal fractions and made one people out of the classes and castes into which Tycoonism had divided the people. The initial subject of discussion in the first parliaments of 1868 (confined to the gentry) was the defense of Saghalien and Yezo. In 1870 the new government in Tokyo—a handful of young men, with the Emperor, indeed, but with no money, and not a national school, soldier, or dollar—argued the question of creating an army and navy. The peace doctrinaires would spend revenues wholly on educational and public works. One word silenced them—"Russia." Bestowing posthumous hon-

ors on the quondam alarmists, pioneers, and martyrs of northern exploitation, the Mikado built superb monuments, decorated their tombs, printed their books, and searched out and rewarded the kinsmen of those who once preached danger from Russian aggression. The young Emperor made himself visible to the people during a prolonged journey into the north, even to Yezo, while millions were spent to develop the Hokkaido, or islands at the Northern Sea Gate. Even the boys talked of the certainly coming war with Russia. In 1874, when Tokyo statesmen were divided on the question of war with Korea—a division that culminated in 1877 in the bloody Satsuma Rebellion—the long debate before the Throne ended by Okubo's argument that "To invade Korea would be to play into the hands of Russia." By 1891 the deep popular fear flamed, volcano-like, from the heart of Tsuda Sanjo, the would-be assassin of the Czarevitch even on Japanese soil, to the shame of the Emperor and nation. Scores of graves in Japan cover the ashes of self-immolated army officers, victims of hara-kiri because Tokyo kept peace with St. Petersburg.

Had it not been for the Napoleonic wars, Russia would almost to a certainty have early forced Japan to open her doors. Happily, Europe became Republican rather than Cossack, and, the Anglo-Saxon nations developing in influence even to Asia, Japan came under their tutelage and friendship. But now let the fifty millions of Japanese beware of the impending and inevitable revulsion of sympathy and opinion, when Americans learn fully about their morals, life, history, and habits at home. Whether *Nippon jin*(goes) or Russian fire-eaters know it or not, the world's opinion will, in the long run of this century, govern mankind. The Japanese, by a thousand years of training in feudalism, by a new generation using admirably the forces of modern education and science, by unique opportunity, situation, and momentum, as well as by "the virtues of the Emperor," the power of the Oyomei philosophy, Bushido culture, and Yamato Damashii, have been and are superbly organized for war. They are not very well, but very poorly, organized ethically, socially,

and in the family, for the coming tremendous industrial competitions. The increasing self-assertion of individualism at home, the results of searching scientific and critical inquiry no longer to be repressed, the exercise of that academic freedom so long discredibly suppressed even in Tokyo, but sure soon to break its shackles, will create in Japan a new mental climate. Then not only old superstitions, but also State and priestcraft, will melt, as surely as the floe bergs, built during the frosty centuries, dissolve in the Gulf Stream. No communal life, however superb, not even Japan's, can resist the onslaught or competition of individualism, with its inquiring and challenging spirit and its assertive personality. There does not yet exist in Japan liberty for the individual, or in the family, or for the higher criticism of the State traditions. The Japanese have yet to show at home, by family organization, by standards of personal morals among all classes and both sexes, by their behavior in Korea, in a word, by those supreme tests which no adoption of European clothing, manners, machinery, or arms can satisfy or decide, whether they are a truly civilized people worthy of the world's good opinion. War alone cannot do this, despite the lingering worship of force still in the world.

To-day all Japanese (of graded belief) ought to be profoundly thankful that "Ingwa," or "the Unknowable," or "Destiny," or "Heaven," or "the Power not ourselves that works for righteousness," or "the Emperor's Ancestors," or "God Almighty," has so ordered history as to give them a rival like Russia, and an opportunity like the present. Next to a good friend, give an ambitious person or nation a wide-awake enemy. Let them be grateful that one Russian priest, Nicolai, who but a few years ago gave the Mikado's Ministers deep searchings of heart, not unmixed with anxiety, because of his missionary success, has now a new parish—provided by Oyama and Togo. To-day Nicolai, honored father in God of thirty-five thousand Japanese Greek Church Christians, sends his young Japanese priests, trained in Moscow, to minister spiritually to sixty thousand Russian prisoners. From the

once "Country of Monkeys" these promising prisoner-scholars, taught by Japanese to read and write their own (Russian) language, send home autograph letters. These tell in Russian of the Christian treatment received from a people once counted simian and pagan. This struggle—Russia's "colonial" war—has silenced the Buddhist fanatics who raised the cry, "On to war, for the Japanese are Buddhists and the Russians are Christians!" The Mikado, who has already decorated three Christian missionaries—Verbeck, Harris, and Hepburn—given \$5,000 for the Young Men's Christian Association work in Manchuria, sent the American Board missionary Dr. De Forest into the army camps as his guest and at his own expense, and liberally patronized Christian orphanages—in a word, shown Christianity fair play—has, with the Premier, the Elder Statesmen, and the best thinking men among his subjects, silenced the cry, and cooled off Buddhist bigotry.

Orthodox Russia, not tired of valor, honor, or sacrifice, but of what Witte calls "a colonial war" unwisely forced on her, ought to shake hands with her "gallant foe" because in the Japanese archipelago there is a nascent Christian nation. We do not predict, we only prophesy—that is, utter the truth. Buddhism, as a maker of modern Japan, is more than moribund, it is ready for burial. Shinto is but an algebraic expression for the energies of patriotism. Besides the enrollment of over one hundred thousand Christians of various names, Greek, Roman, and Reformed, a half-million people in Japan certainly want to be "both almost and altogether" Christians, "save these bonds" of ethnic freak and mediæval superstitions, which we ourselves are breaking. Aston, the scholar, says: "The Japanese have already accepted European philosophy and science. It is simply inconceivable that the Christian religion should not follow."

Without either party exposing motives too minutely, let both nations recognize in each other that "decent respect to the opinions of mankind" in the procedure of war according to civilized methods and of results which, rightly or

wrongly, most enlightened persons ascribe to "Christianity." If Sergius Witte's magnanimous address to the American people is sincere (and who can doubt it?), the Russians have learned much from her "brave enemy." The eyes of Russia have been opened. It may even be that Russia's debt to Japan for enlightenment is as great as Japan's certainly is to Russia. Of a truth, Russia's fear of Japan, never craven, and certainly now heroic, has stimulated her rulers to magnificent endeavor in the paths of industry and commerce for the world's good. The earth has been replenished and subdued and the blessings of civilization extended over northern Asia in a way and to an extent inconceivable except under the idea that Russia knew well that if she did not press forward to the prize, her Japanese competitor would.

He misreads Muscovite history who counts the Eastern Church only a pretty ikon, or "the Nicene Creed fossilized," or regards Russia, by her history a Church-nation, as only a despotism. Let us beware of reading the story of Russian development only on its Western side and through the glasses of Occidental tradition. Given the work of upraising the Slavs, of infusing new life in moribund races and institutions, in fighting the Turks, Mongols, and Tartars, Russia's task has been colossal; yet throughout all she has been missionary and civilizing. The voice of the reactionary will not always be heard. The Russians and the Japanese must live together as neighbors. Each one wants what the other can produce. Happily, both Komura and Witte are statesmen who never despised the men of trade. Japan, if unreasonable, truculent, or listening only to the evil genius of militarism, will be insulting the intelligence of Christendom. On the other hand, to keep up, for mere pride's sake, what the Russians themselves call a "colonial" war, is an idea revolting to humanity. Nor is there much hope for the Russian people, for Asia, or for the race, if voices like those of Witte are silenced. It is not one but both of the combatants that are now on trial.

On leaving Japan in 1874 I asked

Komura for an autograph farewell sentiment. He wrote, "*Vera amicitia est sempiterna.*" May this be the spirit of

the peace treaty of Washington! May the United States continue its mission as the Great Pacific Power!

The Danger in the Caucasus

By Edwin Munsell Bliss

THE present situation in the Caucasus recalls very vividly some experiences on a trip through the country many years ago. It was in 1878, twenty years after the Crimean War and the final overthrow of the last of the Circassian leaders. Schamyl had given up the fight, and his followers, bitter and irreconcilable, had found refuge under the rule of the Sultan, carrying terror to the peaceful villages of Turkey, but also infusing a new life into the already effete Mohammedanism of the Osmanli. More recently, the Russo-Turkish War had just closed, and Russia's grip on her outlying provinces was tighter than ever. The twenty years had borne their fruit, and the few months were already gathering it.

The trip from Constantinople to Poti—Batum had not yet been appropriated—was in full keeping with Byron's famous characterization of the Euxine:

"There's ne'er a sea that wretched traveler
pukes in
That throws up half such angry billows as
the Euxine."

It was a relieved company of travelers that landed from the French steamer on a low, dilapidated pier. As usual on Black Sea steamers, it was a queer conglomerate. There were French traders on their way to Persia to get the famous oak-galls that bring (or brought) high prices as veneering for furniture. There were Armenians, Georgians, Russians, Tartars, Persians, Germans, all sorts and conditions of men and women, including a solitary American. The Frenchmen were the most companionable, and with them I went to the one hotel of the place, as the daily train for Tiflis had left and we should have to wait till the next morning. As we stepped on shore we were met by the inevitable official with the demand for our passports. They were given up, and we were told to come

for them in the afternoon. Of the day that followed but one impression remains vividly on my mind. The Russian troops who had been threatening Erzrum were coming home, and Poti was full of them. The hotel swarmed with officers, so that half a dozen of us were glad to camp out in the dining-room. Whether these officers had been unusually abstemious I do not know; but they certainly made up for it if they had been. A more villainously drunken lot of men I never saw. A couple of months before, I had gone from Adrianople to Constantinople in a railway carriage with a company of officers of the Czar's crack regiment. Highly educated, they talked all the languages of Europe, were well posted in science, literature, art, but—their conversation was vile, and their personal habits—those of a pigsty. These officers at Poti had not even the advantage of education. Need more be said? Many times during the past year I have said, "Unless the morale of the Russian officer has marvelously improved since 1878, Oyama and Togo have little to fear."

The latter part of the afternoon we went for our passports. The official was taking his siesta. An hour or so later we went again. He was at dinner. Still again he had gone to bed. Reluctant as we were to disturb him, necessity knew no courtesy, and we pounded at his door till he appeared and cursed us—at least we took for granted that he did; we did not understand Russian. However, he yielded, donned some sort of clothes, and, grumbling and growling, went to his office and produced the documents, charging a not unreasonable fee, which we afterwards found he had no right to collect.

The next day's ride to Tiflis was a most enjoyable one. The scenery was fine, the groups of villagers at the quaint

way-stations fascinating, the picturesque castles calling to mind the days when Georgians were as free and bold as their women were beautiful. On every hand were indications of prosperity. The people were well dressed and evidently well fed. Vineyards and fields gave indications of industry and careful culture, and, most of all to one who had been in Asia Minor, of security. I was tempted to wish that the Czar might, after all, extend his rule over down-trodden Turkey.

The next two weeks in Tiflis were exceedingly interesting. The new city, with its broad streets, fine buildings, excellent stores, seemed to represent the new rule, while the old city, across the Kur, with its narrow streets, dingy houses, ill-smelling bazaars, illustrated the old and distinctively Asiatic life. Again I thought that Russia had done a good thing, and that perhaps some of the feeling I had had was prejudice rather than well-founded judgment. Little by little, however, I found that the prosperity was scarcely more than a veneer. Merchants told me that there was no substantial basis to their trade. The shrewdest and most unscrupulous made money. Others went to the wall. The only class that as a whole were prosperous were the Armenians, and they practically monopolized trade. The Georgians were steadily losing ground. Even at Mtsketha, their ancient capital, they were not as strong as they had been. The mountain tribes to the west, the Lazes, Imeritians, and others, semi-Mohammedan, semi-pagan, were restless and already preparing to follow the Circassians across the Turkish border. The Government was very much in evidence on every hand, but never a good word was spoken for it. There were fairly good roads, but chiefly for the benefit of the military. Taxation was high and remorseless, and there was no protection for life or property. Everything was subject to the whim of the official immediately concerned, and that whim was notoriously purchasable. The Turkish Government has generally been regarded as the symbol of corruption. It could not have been more than the Russian; indeed, so far as my observation and general in-

formation went, the Russian was more unblushing than the Turk. The Turk had at least some system in his "bak-sheesh." The Russian put on a sanctimonious face, declared that he would not accept any, and then grabbed everything in sight—or out of sight. When we came to leave Tiflis, I went again for my passport. I was told that it would be ready at such a time. I went then, and it had not been recorded, but would be soon. So it went on until the time for leaving came. I told the official that I must have it, and asked what I should do to secure it. His sole reply was a significant look as he opened a drawer in his desk and walked to the window. I slipped a ruble into the drawer, and in five minutes had my passport.

Perhaps more significant was our experience in securing carriage out of the city. We had the regular Government *podorozhna*, or order, for the post-troyka. When we went to the station, we found that it was even more difficult to get horses than a passport. We were assured by friends that, once on the road, we should have no difficulty, and were advised to secure a private conveyance for the first two stages, about fifteen miles. But it was not so easy to do this. There were plenty of carriages, but no driver would go. One reason after another was given, all evidently manufactured for the occasion. At last we got at the fact that they did not dare to go. As long as we were in the carriage it would be all right, but on the return they might be attacked by robbers—generally Turkmans or Turcomans—or even seized by soldiers who wanted the horses for themselves. At last we found a sturdy driver who evidently considered himself a match for any ordinary robber, and we made our exit in peace. The fact of the general insecurity of the country was emphasized repeatedly. Almost in sight of one city, we passed the ruins of a large produce wagon, whose contents had been looted and the horses carried off, while the driver had been beaten and left for dead at the side of the road. The priests at the Armenian monastery of Etchmiadzine told me, a little later, that their only protection against marauders was a number of fierce dogs. Trav-

elers by the Government post-carriages were seldom interfered with, but others were in the habit of going in companies, just as in the most disturbed sections of Turkish or Persian Kurdistan. I came to realize that the security was more apparent than real, and that the paternal rule of the Czar was less an object of approval than it seemed at first.

The trip from Tiflis to Baku by troyka was not specially eventful. The most vivid impressions left on my mind were the exceeding beauty of the scenery, the fertility of the soil, the general apathy and listlessness of the people, and the ubiquity of the Russian officers. There was scarcely a single station where we were not obliged to wait while these men dallied and fussed—would neither go themselves, nor allow any one else to go. At one station on the hills in the eastern Caucasus, not far from Schemachi, as we drove into the yard and dismounted, we found a group of perhaps a dozen officers. They eyed us suspiciously, and responded to our salutation in a decidedly curt manner—at which I was surprised, as the Russian officer, however brutal to his own people, seldom fails in formal courtesy to a foreigner. At last it occurred to me that they might take us for English, and I managed to let them know that we were Americans. Instantly their whole bearing changed. They were most effusive in their cordiality and loud in their protestations of friendship for the United States. In answer to a question as to their destination, I learned that they were going to join the army in Central Asia, and then they added, with a peculiar vim, "We are on our way to India." I asked when they expected to get there. "Oh, it will take us some time, many years perhaps, but we shall get there. India belongs to us, and we are going to have it."

More than once I heard the same expression from Russian officers. It has been the habit of many Americans and some Englishmen to decry as absurd the talk about Russian schemes for conquering India. However improbable the event itself may be, there is not the slightest doubt that there has existed for many years the firm belief in Russia,

especially in military circles, that the whole of Asia is to be part of the great Slavic Empire of which Russia is the central power. The tone of those officers had in it nothing of the braggadocio. They simply expressed their absolute conviction, and that conviction has not wavered despite many reverses. Russia can wait, but she never gives up, or at least she never has. It remains to be seen whether an Asiatic power will accomplish what has hitherto been beyond the ability of Europe.

Baku, with its oil wells, oil trade, oiled streets, oil carts, oil clothes, oil smell, was the most enterprising, bustling place we saw. Already its product was finding its way into Asian and eastern European markets, and its tins ran a race with Pratt's Astral Oil along the shores of the Euphrates and Tigris. Here, too, there was the semblance of prosperity, but underneath a grumbling that boded ill for the future. It came out not so much during the short stay in the city as in chats with the captain of the steamer as we coasted along the shore of the Caspian on our way to Resht and Tehran. A quiet, unobtrusive, uncommunicative Finn, it was not easy to get him to talking, and it was about as much from what he did not say as from what he did say that we gained a conception of the undercurrent of life in the Russian provinces. The opinions then formed have been strengthened by the events of succeeding years.

The situation in the Caucasus is not unlike that in Turkey. A ruthless, conscienceless Government, hated by the people, maintains its hold not so much by virtue of its own power as through the weakness and mutual antagonism of the people. Were it possible for Armenians, Georgians, Turcomans, to unite, they might accomplish something. Next to the utter disregard for the Russian Government, for the real welfare of the country, the most prominent political fact was the equally complete lack of sympathy between the different classes of the population. The Georgians detested the Armenians as unscrupulous interlopers. The Armenians despised the Georgians as incapables. The Turcomans despised both Armenians and

Georgians as lacking in all the virile qualities essential to a genuine national life. All three were right. Then came the Russian population, made up for the most part of sectaries driven out of Russia by the absurd law that forbids, or did then, a Russian from belonging to any but the Holy Orthodox Church. Prominent among these were the Mólókans, called by some the Protestants or Quakers of Russia. Sturdy, independent, industrious, they were the most reliable element, so far as community life was concerned, but they would affiliate with nobody. Under the ban of the Government except when it wanted faithful teamsters, they were as much apart from everybody else as if they spoke a different language. The Government undoubtedly, like the Turks, utilized this general incompatibility for its own purposes, and trusted to time and the process of Russification to suppress all disturbing elements.

In pursuance of this general policy, it first encouraged the Armenians until they began to think that they were very much in favor. Then suddenly fell the bolt. Armenian schools were practically closed, Armenian ecclesiastical property was confiscated, the Armenian language was forbidden. Meanwhile, the Georgians, who had been through the same

mill, looked on and grinned. The Russian does not understand a grin, and down came the mailed fist again on the Georgians. The Turcomans thought their opportunity had come, and took vengeance on both Georgians and Armenians, only to find that they too must feel the pressure of a paternal government. Meanwhile, agitators had been at work, and now from the Black Sea to the Caspian, from the passes of the Caucasus to the Aras, the Caucasus, or more properly Trans-Caucasia, is ablaze. Will anything come of it? Probably not. Revolution to be successful requires some homogeneity of the revolutionary elements, and that is entirely lacking. There will be turmoil and conflict and treachery and ruin; and then, when peace is arranged with Japan, and the Czar has a little leisure, a new Governor-General will go to Tiflis, there will be parleys and ukases, and one of the richest countries of the world will settle down into the old rut of despotism—until—there comes the time when throughout the entire population there shall spread the leaven of education, and a clearer conception of true patriotism. Then the Slavic Empire will come to its own and achieve its mission. That it has a mission no one who has observed at all can fail to believe

Frederick Denison Maurice

By Louise Diman

THE twenty-ninth day of August, 1905, marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Frederick Denison Maurice. His memoirs, published by his son in 1883, tell the story of his life largely in his own letters, and have given to many readers a clear and striking picture of the workings of his mind; for the history of Maurice was peculiarly the history of his thought. His life was by no means that of a recluse, but its outward actions were always so significant of his inward medi-

tations that it is the life of thought which stands out clearly, the acts seeming but its natural and appropriate expressions.

Michael Maurice, the father of Frederick Denison, was a Unitarian minister in Suffolk, England, a religious descendant of those English Presbyterians who were expelled from their parishes by the Act of Uniformity of 1662. English Presbyterianism must not be confused with that of Scotland, whose standard is the Westminster Confession. Far from being willing to bind themselves to any such dogmatic statement, the English Presbyterian ministers were firmly opposed to any precise statement of doctrine. At the famous Salter's Hall

¹ The material for this sketch has been drawn principally from the "Life of Frederick Denison Maurice, Chiefly Told in His Own Letters," edited by his son, Frederick Maurice (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

meeting of Baptists, Independents, and Presbyterians, held in London in 1719, the majority voted to commit itself to no form of creed, but to take the Bible alone for its rule of faith. "We saw no Reason to think," the resolution read, "that a Declaration in other Words than those of Scripture would serve the Cause of Peace and Truth; but rather be the Occasion of greater Confusion and Disorders; . . ." Although at this time the greater part of the Presbyterians were Trinitarians in their belief, they felt that they had no right to exclude those holding Socinian or Unitarian opinions; and these latter were becoming more numerous towards the latter part of the eighteenth century.

As many of the Presbyterian congregations were thus divided in their belief between Trinitarian and anti-Trinitarian opinions, and as tolerance toward both ways of thinking was one of their principles, the ministers, in preaching to their people, avoided controversial themes and confined themselves largely to expounding such aspects of the Christian Gospel as they judged to be edifying to both classes of their hearers. By the close of the century, however, more pronounced Unitarian preachers began to appear, notably the famous Dr. Priestley, of whom Michael Maurice was a colleague, preaching in the afternoon from the same pulpit in which Priestley spoke in the morning. Michael Maurice was a Liberal in politics and a Unitarian in religion, sufficiently zealous to renounce his right to some property which would have been his had he clung to the path of Orthodox Dissent; but his whole habit of mind was that of his forefathers at Salter's Hall, not liking divisions from doctrinal differences, although, oddly, as it seemed, he protested against glorifying the word toleration, thinking that to do so bespoke a really intolerant condition of mind which implied superiority to those to be tolerated.

Such were the antecedents of Frederick Denison Maurice upon his father's side. His mother's name was Priscilla Hurry. He wrote of her that she had a far clearer intellect than his father, "a much more lively imagination, a capacity for interests in a number of subjects, and an

intense individual sympathy." Although her anxious and unnecessary fears for the welfare of her family often made her unhappy, in all her own trials she was brave and collected. "She had," continued her son, "an inward truth and love of accuracy which I have seldom seen stronger in any one: it gave a sort of curious definiteness to her apprehensions when they were the least reasonable."

The slightest sketch of Maurice's thought would be far from clear without an attempt to trace the changes in the religious life of his immediate family which affected him so deeply. His two elder sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, from having been more ardent Unitarians than their father, began gradually to change their views, both adopting the teachings of Calvinism; Elizabeth, the elder, eventually entered the Church of England, and Mary, the second (followed later by the third sister, Anne), became a Baptist. These changes were severe trials to the elder Mr. Maurice. "I am truly unhappy, my dearest friend," wrote his wife to him, "to see how much you suffer. . . ." In a later passage in the same letter she continued: "Though I lament our children's opinions on account of the sorrow you feel, I cannot bring my mind to regret them while I see that they are influential in producing good fruits. My only anxiety is, as it respects myself, that they may never disgrace the religious profession they make." A few years after this Mrs. Maurice had herself also exchanged her own inherited beliefs, which were those of her husband, for the Calvinistic creed. It was always difficult for her to speak on the subject—she and Mr. Maurice wrote letters upon it rather than openly talking it over. While the daughters were eager to discuss the all-absorbing theme, their mother, wrote her son, "was silent from that very sense of the sacredness and importance of the subject which forced them to speak." One of the principles of Calvinism is that it "assumes the existence in the world of a select body who are known as the Elect." Elizabeth and Mary Maurice appear to have felt in all sincerity that they were among this

choice company, but their mother, although theoretically believing in its existence, never felt assured of her own fitness to be counted among its members. It was in this atmosphere of intense interest in religious and theological questions that young Frederick Maurice grew to manhood. The elder sisters were not allowed to proselytize him, but it was impossible for him not to absorb much of what was agitating the minds and consciences of the family, as he was taken by his father into his practical and social work, the Bible Society, the Sunday-school, and later into the anti-slavery agitation. The effect of all that he heard and saw was to create in his mind what was to become one of the ruling passions of his life, the desire for unity. When he saw the sincere search after truth leading the different members of his family to such different conclusions, his heart was filled with longing to reach and grasp those principles which lay beneath this divergence, and to make of them living and uniting, not separating, forces. "The desire for Unity has haunted me all my life through," he wrote in later years. "I have never been able to substitute any desire for that, or to accept any of the different schemes for satisfying it which men have devised."

Although his father hoped to see his son a Unitarian minister like himself, Frederick Maurice's ambition, as a boy, was to become a barrister, and a member of Parliament. He and his cousin signed a resolution, before either was fifteen years old, which read, "We pledge each other to endeavor to distinguish ourselves in after life and to promote as far as lies in our power the good of mankind." One of the means of fulfilling this pledge was a university education, and accordingly, in October, 1823, Frederick Maurice was entered as an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge.

He was a shy youth of eighteen years at this time, dreading to assert himself, and with such a poor opinion of his own powers that he feared lest his friends should be ashamed to recognize him; but he won his way, becoming at Cambridge an intimate friend of John Sterling and a favorite pupil of Julius Hare, and before his departure he was an acknowl-

edged leader among the ablest set of men in the University. In 1826 he "passed out in Civil Law" without taking a degree, not being a member of the Church of England, and being unwilling to make the necessary subscription. After leaving Cambridge he lived for a while in London, not abandoning the idea of studying for the Bar, but spending much of his energy in contributing to the "Athenæum" and "Westminster Review," and working on a novel—"Eustace Conway."

While in London he belonged to a debating society of which John Stuart Mill was also a member. With him Maurice had long discussions on philosophy, religion, and politics, "from which," said Mill, "though I do not think either of us ever convinced the other, I always carried away, along with a most lively impression of his mental powers and resources, ideas both new and invaluable to me."

In 1828 the "Athenæum" and "Literary Chronicle" were merged and Maurice became editor of the new venture, but it did not prove a success, and for this reason, and on account of family troubles, especially the illness of his younger sister Emma, of whom he was particularly fond, he now went through a period of considerable depression of spirits. It was at about this time that his thoughts turned towards the idea of going to Oxford, with the intention of fitting himself for taking orders in the Church of England. The varied influences of his early life were forcing him slowly but surely away from the associations of Dissent into the broad asylum of that historic Church of which he was afterwards to become so distinguished a son. "You may often have wondered," he wrote in an autobiographical letter shortly before his death, "that I should have been a member of both our Universities. You cannot wonder more than I do. Considering the circumstances of my birth and early education, it is very strange that I went to either of them." It was the lot of Maurice throughout his life to be thrown into close relationship with very opposite poles of religious thought. It has been pointed out how the Puritan and Liberal traditions of Cambridge and

the Conservative and ecclesiastical temper of Oxford, where the Tractarian movement was at his time of entrance about to begin, found a common meeting-ground in his teachings, so that he was able to interpret both sides, not from without, but from within the fold.

In 1831 Maurice became a member of the Church of England, and about three years later was ordained, doing his first ministerial work as curate of a small parish, Bubbenhall by name, in Warwickshire. And now began his long and devoted life as a teacher of religion to the people of his time. The burden of his message, wrote Professor A. V. G. Allen, was that "God was manifesting himself in the contemporary world of human thought and activity." It was this thought of the continual presence and nearness of the Divine Spirit that made Maurice insist so strongly upon the fact of the Church being the kingdom of God. Such phrases were no vague abstractions to him, but were filled with the very breath of life. "I would wish to live and die for the assertion of this truth," he wrote, while a curate at Bubbenhall, "that the Universal Church is just as much a reality as any particular nation is." All through his writings such statements occur. "All history," said the writer quoted above, "resolved itself before his eyes as a spiritual drama." God was so real to him that he had no other thought but to show to the careless, or irreligious, or skeptical world about him, as clearly as he could, in what close relationship God and men stood to one another. His writings were often said to be obscure, for a theological or metaphysical manner of expressing himself was natural to him.¹ Truth seemed to him so luminous, and rich in meaning, that it broke its way through phrases that to many minds concealed or perverted it. He always saw the kernel beneath the husk. It is not for us to analyze his mental processes. His son's sympathetic pen has presented them clearly to all who are interested to investigate them. Our task is but an attempt to recall what manner of man this was,

¹ His friends, jocosely alluding to this obscurity, would say to one another, when the London fog happened to be particularly dense, that Maurice must have left his study windows open.

this prophet who came to exercise so strong an influence upon his generation, by carrying out his mother's hope that he should be a preacher of the "everlasting Gospel."

In 1836, when he was thirty-one years old, Maurice was made the Chaplain of Guy's Hospital in London, where, besides his work among the patients, he began to give lectures to the medical students upon moral philosophy, and to give lessons to a private pupil, a Mr. Edward Strachey, whose reminiscences give a vivid picture of him at that time. It was while he was living at Guy's, as it was called, that he was married to Miss Anna Barton, whose elder sister was the wife of his friend John Sterling. What happiness this marriage brought to him those only could tell who knew how shy and self-depreciating and reserved he had been up to this time. His wife, besides being said to have been one of the most transparently truthful and open persons in the world, was full of cheerfulness and humor. Her friends were in the habit of quoting her remarks; one, for example, about Carlyle, of whom she once said, "Mr. Carlyle has been here talking for four hours in praise of silence." Of how in deeper ways she understood her husband better than he understood himself is told in his own words in a letter addressed to his son: "If you only act on your convictions, she once said to me," he wrote, "that Christ is in every one, what a much higher life you might live, how much better work you might do!" There was in that sentence the clearer divination of what I feel and know to be God's purpose in all his teachings and discipline which I have received, and of my failures."

It is interesting in the same letter to note how he would not let his great humility keep him from declaring, simply and sincerely, what he conceived his own mission in life to be. "I was sent into the world," he continued, "that I might persuade men to recognize Christ as the center of their fellowship with each other; that so they might be united in their families, their countries, and as men, not in schools and factions; and through forgetfulness of this truth myself I have

been continually separating myself from relations, letting go friendships, and sinking into an unprofitable solitude. Your mother sought to save me from this vanity, making home more delightful than any other society could be, and yet giving me an interest in that, yet teaching me that the poorest man is Christ's brother and should be dear to us for His sake. She mourned over my want of sympathy with nature, and many deeper wants than that, for she entered into all my thoughts and pursuits." He closed the letter with an expression of thanksgiving that he had never been suffered to join any one party in the Church.

This independent course, of keeping himself free from party ties, made him to be misunderstood on all sides; the so-called religious press especially attacked him mercilessly. People could not comprehend his championing the rights of any section of religious thought with which he was not actively connected, consequently he suited few. It was hard indeed to face the storm of adverse criticism which assailed him through life; to be perpetually misunderstood and misinterpreted was a heavy burden to stagger under; but he went his way regardless, with his work constantly broadening into many channels.

Chartism and Socialism were agitating the country, and he threw himself into the cause of the workingmen with such zeal as to earn for himself the title of "Father of Christian Socialism." Education was the means by which he hoped to improve the condition of all classes, and throughout his life he was an untiring laborer in its behalf, writing and lecturing upon philosophy, literature, and social questions, and filling all his teachings with religion, or what he himself liked to call theology. "The knowledge of God," he wrote, "I regard as the key to all other knowledge, as that which connects knowledge with life." "The spirit of a learner," wrote his son, "was the keynote of his life."

Dean Stanley, in his sermon after Maurice's death, spoke of the way in which every incident and every wave of thought in the history of the world left its mark upon his mind. It was his constant aim to interpret the history of

thought and action so as to make clear their underlying principles. He had no great confidence that his books would live, but he clung to the hope that something might go forth from them which would not die. "If, for instance," he wrote, "I have helped any one to feel that there is an eternal connection between history and mystery; that the persons who are seeking to separate them are seeking to destroy both—the mere historian turning history into an old almanac, the mere mystics and mythics turning the invisible things, which are of all the most substantial, into an empty, gilded vapor; or if I have succeeded in fixing this thought in any one's heart, that Christianity, as expressed in the sacraments, the written word, and an apostolic ministry, is not a costume belonging to one age or country, but is just that which enables men to feel and know that there is anything which is not costume, anything which is eternal and unchangeable, and that with the loss of this, that faith will perish altogether; if I have done this for any one, it signifies not to me the least how soon all the words which conveyed the impression are forgotten, how soon they are regarded as poor and idle words."

"The invisible things which are of all the most substantial" is a characteristic phrase. It was of those invisible things that the visible Church was to Maurice always a symbol and a pledge. "He looked," says Professor Allen, "upon religious institutions, not as identical with divine idea, but as witness to higher reality." All human history was to him a witness to higher reality, and as such he tried to teach it, disliking the customary distinction between sacred and secular.

In 1840 Maurice was appointed to the professorship of English Literature and Modern History at King's College, London, and six years later to the chair of Theology in the same institution, and to the chaplaincy of Lincoln's Inn, and later still he became one of the founders of Queen's College for women. Through all these years he was throwing himself vigorously into the hardest sort of work, writing on his Moral Philosophy and Theological Essays and his many vol-

umes of sermons, preaching to large congregations of men at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, conducting Bible classes and trying his best to make the Bible and the ideals of the Church a force in the world about him, feeling intensely all the while the upheaval of politics and society, especially the disturbances which marked the year '48, and doing his utmost in conferences with workingmen and labor leaders to bring about better feeling and soften the strife between employer and employed. Socialism was in the air, and it was Maurice's aim to Christianize it. "Christian Socialism, in my mind," he wrote, "is the assertion of God's order;" and in another letter—"The kingdom of heaven is to me the great practical existing reality which is to renew the earth and make it a habitation for blessed spirits instead of for demons. To preach the Gospel of that kingdom, the fact that it is among us, and not to be set up at all, is my calling and business." Workingmen were turning away from Christianity; it was his constant endeavor to bring them back to the belief that the Church was the brotherhood of all men, as sons of a common father—for this end he toiled unceasingly. He did not offer proofs for the existence of God, but pleaded with his fellow-men to live as God's children and the inheritors of his kingdom.

It has often been said that Maurice's religious philosophy does not easily lend itself to brief summaries, that his thoughts must be studied and inwardly digested in order to get at the meaning of what he taught. If some one who had never heard his name should ask, Who was Frederick Denison Maurice? the answer might have been that he was a Broad Churchman (though he did not himself care to be so classified), or a Christian Socialist, or a metaphysician who dealt in paradoxes; no one name would quite cover the ground, but probably all the answers might agree in saying that he was a teacher of religion who suffered obloquy from his departure, in one direction or another, from the accepted views of religious thought; and if the question were pressed, these inquirers would very likely have heard that it was a certain theory of "eternal life and death" that

was a marked feature of his theology. It was his teaching upon this point that raised such a storm of opposition that the resignation of his professorship at King's College was forced upon him. It seemed to his opponents that he denied the Scriptural teaching of the punishment of the wicked. Briefly, it may be said that what Maurice taught was that so long as a man should remain wicked, so long must his punishment be endured by him, through that very alienation from God which his sin and wickedness must entail; *that* was eternal punishment, eternal as the moral law itself; that turning away from God must mean always darkness and gnashing of teeth. But who, said Maurice, could deny that God could bring back the penitent to himself in his own way and time, here or hereafter? In other words, as long as sin should remain in any soul, so long must that soul suffer the consequences of it; if the sin were everlasting, so must the punishment be, but not otherwise. *Eternal*, in Maurice's use of the word, is not necessarily an expression of duration of time, but of the sure workings of divine law. Eternal truth is truth coming from God. Eternal life is life with God, and eternal death is life without God.

On account of the feeling against him at this time, Maurice, besides giving up his post at King's College, also resigned from Queen's College, and offered to withdraw from his chaplaincy at Lincoln's Inn, but in the last instance was persuaded to remain. There was, however, a great outburst of popular feeling in his behalf, and against those who denounced his teachings as dangerous the "Spectator," the "Daily News," and the "Globe" upheld him, and letters expressing sympathy and gratitude poured in upon him from all parts of the Kingdom; among them came Tennyson's lines—

"Come, when no grave cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy.
Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.
For, being of that honest few
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty thousand College Councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you;
Should all our Churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay hearth will give you welcome,
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight."

This poem has been called the most perfect specimen of its kind in the language.

In 1853 Maurice was one of the founders of the Workingmen's College, and was eager to carry on something of the same sort for women; classes for women were started with those for workingmen, and a few years later he resumed his interrupted lectures at Queen's College. And so his life went on, a ceaseless struggle to uplift and instruct all classes of men, to increase in them true religion, and nourish them in all goodness. Firm in his own faith, he did not condemn honest doubters, but aided them to overcome their doubts, by facing them squarely and separating the grain of truth from the chaff of error. A hater of discord, he never let anything hold him back from asserting what he believed to be the truth. Often discouraged and depressed about his own work, he yet was able to encourage countless others. "States of heavy despondency do not last," he wrote to a friend; "perhaps in speaking of them they depart. Despondency is hardly a state of mind, it is the mind's forgetfulness of its own true state—which is a glorious state, as I need not tell you. But I need to tell you too, as you need tell me the same, for this forgetfulness is a plague that is always nigh at hand, and merely to hear another saying, 'It is not so as it seems, the firmament is not a congregation of vapors, but has a goodly sun in the midst of it, and overhangs a beautiful earth,' is not merely comfortable, it is positively healing."

In 1845 Mrs. Maurice died. Four years later Maurice married Miss Georgiana Hare, a sister of his old instructor, Julius Hare. This marriage renewed his happiness in his home life. He was a hospitable man, liking to see his friends at his house and to have them take breakfast with him, in the fashion of the day. At these meals Maurice would talk freely upon the questions of the hour, so that they came to be known among his guests as "prophetic breakfasts."

In his later years his home was in Cambridge, where in 1866 he was elected to the Knightsbridge Professorship of Casuistry, Moral Philosophy, and Moral

Theology. He continued for three years after that time to pass every Sunday in London, in order to conduct the services at St. Peter's, Vere Street, where he had been the incumbent since 1860. He preached his farewell sermon there to an overflowing congregation, numbers of people standing through the entire service. In this sermon, says his biographer, he summed up the preaching of his life, reiterating his assertion "that the Church exists for the whole land; that it may comprise all varieties of opinion, but can never stand upon opinions. . . ." He repudiated the title of Broad Churchman, differing in so doing from Dean Stanley—a confessed leader of the Broad Church party. Maurice was a warm friend of Stanley's, and had a sincere appreciation for the latter's courage and his constant readiness to defend the weak against the strong, but he feared lest the so-called Broad Church party should set up a standard which might prove to be as much of a test and shibboleth as any one of those of its opponents. He believed that that portion of the truth which was grasped by each man was for that man to preach. His sympathies went out to the scientists who were patiently and thoroughly studying the laws of the natural universe. He invited Huxley to lecture at the Workingmen's College, and quoted the spirit of Darwin's investigations as a model to be followed. He was indignant at the sneers of Churchmen against the theory of evolution, but maintained, on the other hand, that when scientific men declare that all regions of thought not included in their own departments are folly, they put themselves upon the same plane as any church or group of thinkers who make dogmatic statements and denounce all who do not accept them.

During his Cambridge life Maurice endeavored to see as much as he could of the undergraduates. He took charge of a small church there after his resignation from the London parish, and in 1871, being urged by the Bishop of London to undertake the Cambridge preachership at Whitehall, he accepted, although conscious of failing health and strength. He was now in his sixty-ninth

year, and drawing near to the close of his labors. He preached for the last time in February of the following year, and, after an illness of about six weeks, died on Easter Monday, April 1, 1872. Five years before, he had written to a friend these characteristic words, which well sum up the convictions of his life:

"I can say, after sixty-three years of mistakes and blunders, that I cling to that promise [*i.e.*, that the Spirit of God guides to all truth] all the more confidently on account of them; that I believe they have been instruments, in God's hands, of giving me glimpses of

the Truth, that I have the certainty that there is One who is absolute Truth. During the threescore years and ten of our earthly pilgrimage we are just spelling out our primers. Through ages upon ages the divine lessons will be unfolding themselves. To own the height and depth, the length and breadth, of the love which is revealing itself in all God's works and ways, to trace it in a few of its manifestations toward human beings, is better work than to discuss any opinions. So best we learn what opinions have meant to those who have striven about these most earnestly."

Summer Vesper Sermons

VIII.—Saved by a Touch¹

By Lyman Abbott

LEPROSY was believed to be contagious, and this is still the popular belief in the East. In all its forms it was repulsive, in its worst forms unspeakably hideous. Physical loathing was intensified, not mitigated, by religious feeling; for leprosy was regarded as a special divine punishment for specially heinous sins. The leper was an outcast from society. Driven from the abodes of men, the lepers lived in communities by themselves. If a leper entered a town or village, he proclaimed his presence by crying, as he walked along the roadway, "Unclean! unclean!" and children fled and men and women moved aside to let him pass. One can easily picture the scene which the evangelist's simple narrative describes: the crowd thronging Jesus; the leper's cry, "Unclean! unclean!" heard from distance and drawing nearer; his peculiarly loathsome appearance—for Luke tells us he was "full of leprosy;" the crowd separating to let him pass; the leper, to the horror of all observers, making his way direct to the Master; and the Master, to their amazement, stooping down and touching him, while he says, "Be thou clean." Why this touch? Surely he might have healed without the touch—as he healed the ten of whom Luke gives account; as

he healed the centurion's daughter without even coming into his house. I believe that this touch was the natural expression of Christ's sympathy; and incidentally is a rebuke of our panic in the presence of contagious disease which so often dehumanizes us, and of our prejudices which make us forget the real man in our regard for his mere outward guise and circumstance.

It is this prejudice that embitters the lot of the educated negro in America. We are philanthropically inclined toward his race. We are willing to feed him if he is poor, to clothe him if he is naked, to teach his children, to help support his churches; but we do not want to sit at the same table with him, or ride in the same car, or go to the same hotel; in short, we do not want to touch him. And in this respect Northern prejudice is greater than Southern prejudice. It is this that has aroused against us the commercial hostility of the Chinese. To a rational law regulating or even prohibiting Chinese immigration they did not object. They maintain analogous laws themselves. But the cry "unclean" when they come near us, the prejudice which looks down upon them as less than men because they have a yellow skin, they resent. This has often made the mission work of our rich

¹ Mark i. 40-45; Luke v. 12-14.

city churches sadly ineffective. A church with prohibitory pew-rents among the palaces and a chapel with free seats among the tenements lacks the touch with which Christ saved.

On the other hand, this spirit of touch is never ineffective. There are ministers in New York, who were ministering to cultivated and congenial congregations, who have chosen to leave them and live among the self-respecting poor, and their ministry is not ineffective. Many of the Settlements are curiously scrupulous that there shall be no mention of the Christian religion in their work; but they practice what they refuse to preach; moved with compassion, they put forth their hand and touch the poor and the suffering and the sinful, and say, "I will: be thou clean." Tact is touch: sympathy with men, not merely for men; feeling their feelings, thinking their thoughts, sharing their experiences, respecting and fellowshiping them. It is this touch or tact that is the secret of the successful missionary to foreign lands. Charles Cuthbert Hall's reception in India was so cordial that he has been chosen to go a second time to preach the Christian faith to Hindu audiences. Why? A Hindu thus answers the question: "His Christian experience takes Indian experience cordially by the hand, and seems to delight in its com-

pany, if only to invite the onlooker to compare, and to comment, and to choose." "Take by the hand:" what is this but "touch"? What our fellow-men want from us, what we want from our fellow-men, is not pity, which is akin to contempt, but fellowship, which is an expression of respect. And behind the dark skin of the negro, and the yellow skin of the Chinaman, and the dirty skin of the gamin, and the polluted skin of the leper, Christlike eyes can always see a man, or, if not always a man, always some manly qualities which deserve respect. It is because Mrs. Ballington Booth sees these qualities in the criminal that she is able to do for him what the prison has failed to do.

And does not this interpret the significance of Christ's life, passion, and death? He did not send: he came. He did not live apart from men; he lived with them. He was not a mere teacher of the publicans and sinners and a preacher to them: he was the friend of publicans and sinners, sat at their tables, shared in their life. What he was he is; what he did he does. To humanity's cry, Unclean! unclean! his reply is not a doctrine, but himself; not a sermon, but a touch. He puts forth his hand and touches sinful humanity, saying, "I will: be thou clean." The world is saved by his touch.

Beneath the Cloak

By H. Addington Bruce

WE were dangling our legs over the bank of the creek at Brightside, discarded fishing-tackle scattered through the long grass, and the elusive trout gaping at us stolidly from the haven of the branches of a sunken tree. From Windham High Peak thunder-heads were rapidly advancing over the valley.

"I'd like to get the view from the peak when the storm breaks, little minister," said I.

The minister puckered his brow and shook his head doubtfully, as he stooped to pick away a burr that had lodged just above his boot-top.

"It's a full ten miles from here to the foot of the trail, and then a two-hour climb. I hardly think it's worth while."

"Ah," I said, "I was not thinking of the trail. I'd strike across country from here and up through the forest tangle."

The minister was polite but unconvinced.

"A day's labor," thoughtfully. "I went up once with Mel Hallenbeck, and it was a hard climb."

"But when you reached the peak?" I persisted.

The minister opened his mouth in the characteristic manner that served him in lieu of a smile. His eyes were twinkling.

"I shall never forget it. It was—"

"It was worth while," I interrupted, triumphantly. "Suppose we go to-morrow."

The minister counted on the tips of his toil-gnarled fingers.

"Weeding to-day, haying to-morrow. Then, you see, we have the bee Wednesday, to shingle the parsonage barn. I don't suppose you know what a bee is? Well, my people all join together to make repairs on my house or barn whenever they are needed—you understand? Then there is the fair at Cade Hollow. But I think I could arrange to go with you the first of the week. I warn you, though, that for a city man—"

I laughed: "The harder the climb the more I shall enjoy it. We'll be off the first fine morning you are at leisure."

The natives found something to talk about in the mere news of our proposed outing, upon which they hastened to throw water of varying degrees of coldness. "Ye'll neot git a moile f'm Seouth Dur'm," declared old Cale Cotter, the sage of Brightside; "th' fierst rise'll tuck ye. An' if ye deow git inter th' timber th' ledges'll brush' ye seure. Why, they be ledges of feorty 'r feifty foot, plum up an' slimy." "Th' mountings 're full o' bear this year," was Eph Cavey's warning; "two kim down t' Hervey Street on'y las' week. So ye'll hev t' kerry a good-size' gun. I s'pose ye think they'll run if they sees ye? Don't tell any notion o' thet sort. Catskill bears ain't the runnin' kind. Too much trooble t' kerry a gun? A'right. Take a spade 'long t' dig yer grave. If parson says they ain't no danger fr'm bear, parson knows more 'bout preachin' than 'bout bears. We'll be holdin' a mem'ryal sarvice fr' him. Tek my advice, don't try it." A venerable East Durhamite capped the climax: "'Tain't beers ye need fear of, mind ye. Et's rattlesnakes. Th' wids roun' High Peak's full on 'em, be jinks, a-rettlin' hyer, a-rettlin' thyer. Mos' ev'ry boulder's got ets rettl'er. Tak' my advice, et's a poor climb enny way ye reckon et."

These alarmist reports got their quietus from the minister, as we started to drive to the foothills.

"Who in the world tells you there are rattlesnakes on the range? I never heard of one being even seen there. And we needn't worry about bears. There is far more danger from the ledges. I have no compass, by the way, but I think I'm woodsman enough not to get lost. What a morning! Get up, June!" and he burst into song.

I gazed at him in astonishment. Here was a casting away of the cloak of precision, formality, and commonplace in which he was wont to obscure himself when in the company of a "city man." Ah, little minister, thought I, the stony soil of the valley has not numbered you among its victims; after all. This is your outing, your holiday, as much as mine. We must see to it that you gain a hundredfold.

Up the little hill, past the whitewashed church where, every Sunday, her master expounded good old-fashioned doctrine; dipping along the mountain roadway, beside hedgerow and field, the old mare drew us on our way, a steady rise. Everything crisped and freshened in the dew of the morning, the forest-girt eminences beckoning invitation; but, looking east to Round Top and west to Mount Pisgah, I observed that a haze, harbinger of a sultry noon, was dimming backgrounds, and gave voice to my apprehension:

"I'm afraid it may not be altogether a success."

"No?" clicking to June; "the haze, you mean? Oh, it will blow away soon enough."

Covertly I glanced at my companion as we jogged along. I saw a short, spare, wiry man, with a ruddy, smooth-shaven, passive face, careworn and weatherbeaten, and only redeemed by clear, dark, kindly eyes, out of which shone a receptiveness and responsiveness alien from the normal product of the region; his attire distinctly unclerical: tight-fitting, striped trousers, stopping at the ankles; shiny cutaway coat, and soft felt hat of equally antiquated appearance. Outwardly, surely, the wearer resembled the "natives" to whose spiritual necessities he ministered. But I forgot that there was one striking dissimilarity. For while many a native

wore a white celluloid collar, scarcely one deemed it necessary to supplement that collar with a necktie. And by his faded "four-in-hand" the minister impressed me, as he impressed his neighbors, as being verily of the elect. His people were proud of that necktie, just as they were proud of their little minister for his own sake. Rough "Hank" Borrow's words came to my mind. "He's a good feller, ain't he? Mighty good. Ever see his gard'n? Got th' bes' gard'n in these parts, th' doeminie has. Ain't like th' preacher we hed afore him. Thet un want' t' be help down ev'ry time he got out'n a wagon. Yas, yas, th' doeminie's a'right." I could accept this testimony as conclusive, for "Hank" would hardly be considered a sympathizer. "I us't go t' church," he explained, "but I ain't ben more'n twice th' last four years. They come t' me wun day fer a subscripshun, an' I says to 'em, 'No, no, I won't give ye nuthin'. But I tell ye what I'll do. I'll put a quarter in the plate ev'ry Sunday I'm in church. H'm! Guess they've got 'bout healf a dollar out'n me since then. But I sure put th' quarter whenever I go. Yas, yas! Wouldn't go back on my word!"

"South Durham's just around the bend," the minister's voice broke in upon the current of my thoughts; "we leave June there and start the climb. Yonder," pointing with the whip, "straight through on the other side of the mountain, is my afternoon charge, Cade Hollow."

"And was your fair there a success?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed. Get up, June. We took in twenty-five dollars, and our expenses were two dollars, leaving a net profit of twenty-three dollars. Here's the farm-house where I intend to stable the mare. I am always welcome here."

Ah, little minister, little minister, fighting the good fight! More clearly than ever before, I perceived the stout, brave heart beating under the rough flannel shirt, faded from many an hour in harvest field and mow.

A path led through a reach of meadowland, resplendent in a vari colored coat

of mullein, goldenrod, and ragged-robin, to a deep, wood-lined gully, fragrant and cool.

"Possibly our only descent until we turn for home," my guide commented, in his every-day, prosaic tone and manner. "We will follow this path to Mel Hallenbeck's farm, then up through his pastures to the head of yonder triangular clearing. After that we will ascend the saddleback ridge to the summit, and proceed to the peak. Our greatest difficulty will be to keep to the saddleback, for it is easy to press too far to the right or to the left, and then we'd have some awkward work setting ourselves right. Here is a bad piece now."

We had dropped to the bottom of the gully, to find ourselves in a romantic mountain-brook glen of step-like formation, facing a lift of sheer rock, down which a tiny stream—fragile straggler from the surge of the spring floods—was trickling into a small basin, thence to wind itself to ultimate oblivion in the nearest creek. I bared my head and greedily inhaled the fresh, penetrating, pungent air of this delightful niche. Then, stretched at full length upon a flat rock, I drank deeply of the limpid water of the pool. As I sprang to my feet again, wiped my lips, and replaced my cap, I could not but cry:

"Isn't it glorious, little minister?"

The minister had seated himself on a fallen tree and was gazing about him reminiscently. He smiled gently.

"Yes, it is pleasant, very pleasant. But I wish you could see it when the snows are running, or in winter when it is held by the ice. The ferns and the moss and the creepers tune merrily now, but the gully tells a different story then, my friend, as I well know. Nor would you care to listen to that story, as I was forced to listen to it one winter's day seven years ago. Above us, there, along the edge of the steep, runs the turnpike, and if you look closely you will see that a fence protects the road. There was no fence that day, the day I was driving home from a funeral at Zoarville—nothing but high drifts, and a blinding snow-storm, the wind whistling and whipping from the northeast. Head down to buffet the gale, I let the lines hang loose.

It was no use attempting to drive. If it had been June—but even June might have missed her footing in the storm. A slip, a sidelong lurch, and down we came, down, down, crashing among the trees. Luckily, I fell clear of horse and cutter. Then, for two hours, I heard the song of the gully—the dread winter song, not the lullaby of to-day—and then Mel Hallenbeck found me. My leg had been broken. You understand?”

“And the horse?” I queried, after a moment’s silence.

“The horse never moved after he struck the bottom. It was then I bought June—the wisest, truest— But, come, come, we are losing time. Yes, straight ahead.”

Up out of the gully, through a stretch of comparatively level timber, where the catbird and the bob-white challenged us angrily—out upon the first of the mountain pastures, over soil harder than the heart of the far-famed German charcoal-burner. Thence, by rises that tested my every muscle, but left the minister singing merrily, to the apex of the clearing, where we bade farewell to the sunshine and plunged into the forest.

The forest—cool, quiet, peaceful, a welcome change from the glare of the lurid outer world. But more than the steep pastures it demanded a heavy toll. The leaves of many autumns lay ankle-deep, concealing the edges of jagged rocks and the long-deserted burrows of small four-footed creatures; fallen trunks, slippery with fungus and moss, mingled in picturesque but trying confusion; the ivy joined with the wild-grape vine to form despair-creating barricades. I was forever stumbling, slipping, straining. And at last pride surrendered. I dropped at the foot of a hemlock and fumbled for my pipe.

“O for another brook!” I murmured, wearily.

The minister opened his mouth, and then burst into a laugh—hearty, prolonged. How he was enjoying himself!

“And this the driest summer in forty years!” he fairly shouted, slapping his knee. “Well, well! You’ll not find brook or spring, my friend, this side of the gully. But take heart. We’ll have some first-rate coffee at luncheon.”

“Suppose we take lunch now?” I suggested, brightening up.

“It is not eleven yet,” he objected; “we must wait until we arrive at the peak. Then we can combine business with pleasure—the business of eating with the pleasure of viewing the scenery. You understand?”

“What do you say to combining the business of eating with the pleasure of drinking?” I inquired.

He simply would not take the hint. Nor did he take it until, an hour later, we found ourselves on a mammoth boulder at the summit of the ridge, with High Peak lowering upon us, far to the right. To his suggestion that, by pressing on, we could reach the peak in another hour, I merely smiled feebly—I was all but “tucked” and “brushed”—and pointed at the luncheon basket. How good that coffee did taste, even though it was “a mixture of twelve and eighteen cent that we procure at South Durham.” The minister and I ate and drank—rather, he ate and I drank—in silence for some minutes. Finally he drew an apple from his pocket and motioned toward the coffee-bottle.

“You finish it,” said he. “I shall do very well with this. I am not at all thirsty.”

My conscience smote me, and I hastened to refuse. In the end I “finished it.” The minister gazed at the empty bottle meditatively.

“That reminds me,” said he, as, with my back against the trunk of an ash that rose beside the boulder, I filled my pipe, crossed my legs, sighed contentedly, and, for the first time since we had entered the forest, gave myself over to unalloyed enjoyment—“that reminds me of my trip to the Dead Sea twelve years ago. I was one of a party of nine tourists, each of whom carried a supply of drinking-water, for it was well known that we could not secure any *en route*. Do you know, one member of our party drank the entire supply, and suffered more from thirst than did those who were obliged to go without!”

“Apropos of—?” I asked.

The minister did not reply. He had stretched himself out on the boulder and was softly humming. I could see that his thoughts were far away.

"Did I ever tell you of my tour abroad?" he inquired, suddenly. "No? Some day I shall, for it would entertain you. We have not the time now, but there was one incident connected with my departure that you may find interesting while we rest here. Ever since leaving college I had dreamed of seeing the famous spots of the old world—and above all of standing in the places where Jesus stood and taught. For years I put aside every dollar I could spare. Then one day I read an advertisement of a tour to Europe and Palestine, and found that I had enough in bank to meet the expense. I was then pastor of a church in Hamilton County, and from the pulpit told my congregation of my plans, explained that I felt sure that I should return far better equipped for my work than I ever could hope to be by years of experience at home, and requested three months' leave. I asked them not to come to any hasty decision, but to talk the matter over, and I would then call a meeting to lay it formally before them. The meeting was held, and it was unanimously voted to grant the leave—on the understanding that I was to take my wife with me. I hastened to make it clear that, much as I should like to do so, it would cost far more than I could afford. At once an elder rose and moved 'that we hereby set aside the sum of forty dollars to meet the additional expense to which our pastor will be put.' The motion was enthusiastically carried."

"And did your wife go with you?"

The minister's face was beaming.

"Indeed she did. A wealthy city man, a summer resident of the district, heard of my dilemma and came to my assistance. I paid the last dollar of my debt to him two years ago."

A tiny, dull-red lizard crawled lazily from a crevice in our boulder, and the minister watched its movements with a kindly smile. I turned to our surroundings. The scene was ease-inviting, rest-bringing. Behind us our path showed clear-cut in the underbrush; to the right fell a forest-held gully, between us and our goal; to the left, a level but intricate sweep of woodland; below, on the Cade

Hollow side, a profusion of bright-leaved trailers, smiling defiance at a long, oft-cloven ledge, with deep, grim apertures, frowning forebodings of Eph Cavey's bears. Unconsciously I began to watch these openings and to frame strange fancies. Little by little my head drooped and my eyes closed.

"Almost one o'clock!"

The minister was shaking me gently. I rubbed my eyes and started up. The gloom of the forest had become strangely intensified.

"A storm seems to be gathering," said my companion, quietly, "and it may be that by hurrying we can reach the peak before it breaks. Then we'll get the effect you wished for."

Down the gulch and up again, the hardest climb we had yet faced, and we were pressing steadily up through a network of logs, twisted grasses, and steel-edged chips from the ledges. A weary hour, and then, from a point of vantage above me:

"High Peak, my friend!"

Ay, but it was worth while! Dim in a distant haze a background of mountains—the Adirondacks, the Green Hills of old Vermont, the Massachusetts Berkshires, with (and facing us in a direct line) superb Mount Washington looming over his mates in far-away New Hampshire. Facing us also, and nearer, the Capitol at Albany, glimmering golden in the early afternoon sun. Silver streaks, where the conquering Hudson shone amid the kaleidoscope of greens and browns and yellows. A host of whitish specks—towns and villages scattered through the fascinations of dale, upland, and forest. Shadows fleeting over all, coming and going—here a patch in dusk, there a patch in sunshine—the dark shadows of the rain-bringers, the light shadows of the wind-carrying billows. Thus the view, as we stood side by side on a ledge that thrust itself toward the foot-hills. Never a brush, never a pen, could hold that scene in all the grandeur of its ever-changing detail. In truth, a feast for the soul. Far to the south a shaft of lightning told where the storm was cleaving its path. Behind us, wide as the eye could reach, another wondrous

panorama, the green and gray and gold and purple-capped ranges of the lower Catskills.

"Pippa passes, little minister," said I. The minister shook his head apologetically.

I looked at him, then at the distant spot where I knew the parsonage lay concealed in a bower of locust-trees.

Then I looked at the Capitol again, at the Hudson, at Mount Washington and his fellows—a noble army.

"Pippa passes, little minister," I repeated; "you may not know your Browning by book, but you understand, if any man does—"

"God's in his heaven:
All's right with the world."

New Testament Prophecy¹

THESE three volumes have a certain connection in that each one deals with a prophetic element in the New Testament. This, however, is their only point of resemblance.

Professor Ramsay's volume on the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia is rather an Introduction than a commentary, and it has much value as an Introduction to the whole of the New Testament. The author's scholarship will not be questioned by any impartial and well-informed critic. He is a believer in the modern methods of Biblical criticism, and makes free use of those methods. To him the statement that the Bible is literature suggests nothing which derogates from its importance, its value, or its sacredness. That importance is emphasized, that value brought out, that sacredness revealed, by the literary study of its contents and the method and purpose of the composition of its various books. He makes free use of hypothesis and imagination. In order to reach results, he says, in one connection, "it is necessary to enter upon a process of imaginative reconstruction." In his work he does this freely, but always in scholarly fashion. Such use of the imagination is distinctively a characteristic of the modern school, and it is legitimate, and indeed necessary to thorough scholarship. A man without imagination is unfitted for the highest scholarly research. But though Professor Ramsay's methods are

those of the new school, his conclusions are generally those of conservative scholars. It might be said of him that he employs radical methods and reaches conservative conclusions. Some of these conclusions have an important bearing on the general question of the trustworthiness of the New Testament historical books, and especially of the Gospels.

Thus he brings out the fact that "traveling and correspondence by letter are mutually dependent." Hence communication by letter has been commonly practiced from an extremely remote antiquity. "No one who possesses any knowledge of early history would now venture to make any positive assertion as to the date when writing was invented, or when it began to be widely used in the Mediterranean lands." "No doubt can now be entertained that writing was known and familiarly practiced in the East Mediterranean lands long before the date to which Greek tradition assigned the composition of the two great poems"—the Iliad and the Odyssey. Applying these facts to the New Testament, Professor Ramsay affirms, and apparently with good reason, that "the whole body of opinion which maintains that the Christians at first did not set anything down in writing about the life and death of Christ—strong and widely accepted as it is, dominating as a fundamental premise much of the discussion of this whole subject in recent times—is devoid of any support." "So far as antecedent probability goes, founded on the general character of preceding and contemporary Greek or Græco-Asiatic society, the first Christian account of the circumstances connected

¹ *The Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia and their Place in the Plan of the Apocalypse.* By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., Litt.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

The Messianic Hope in the New Testament. By Shailer Mathews. (The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago. Second Series. Vol. XII.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago.
Last Message of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. John Hamilton Timbrell. Eaton & Mains, New York.

with the death of Jesus must be presumed to have been written in the year when Jesus died."

Coupled with this fact is one of scarcely less importance. "The desire to write a letter grows weaker when it is uncertain whether the letter will reach its destination and whether others may open and read it. In the first century this condition was fulfilled better than ever before. It was then easier and safer to send letters than it had been in earlier times." "There was no general postal service; but each trading company had its own staff of letter-carriers. Traveling, though not rapid, was performed with an ease and certainty which was quite remarkable." There is good reason to believe that the Church at a very early period in its organization developed and employed a letter-carrier system of its own, analogous to that of the great trading companies. "Communication by letter became one of the most important, if not the most important, of the agencies for consolidating and maintaining the sense of unity among the scattered members of the one Universal Church." We may add that since the basis of this church unity was loyalty to the person of Christ, and the message of the Church was at first the story of Christ's life and the report of his teaching, the first letters would naturally be composed of incidents in his life and excerpts from his teaching. These letters, not a mere oral Gospel on the one hand, nor one completed Gospel on the other, either that of Mark or a lost Aramaic Gospel of Matthew, we may well believe to have been the basis of the first three Gospels and the material out of which they were composed. Hence: "The Gospels as we have them, though composed in the second half and for the most part in the last quarter of the first century, are a faithful presentation in thought and word of a much older and well-attested history, and are only in very small degree affected by the thoughts and language of the period when their authors wrote, remaining true to the form as fixed by the earlier registration."

To apprehend the bearing of these historic considerations, which we have

here stated as far as possible in Professor Ramsay's own words, on the Epistles to the Seven Churches in Asia, it is necessary to state also his view of those churches. This is that they are neither representatives of successive epochs in the history of the Church, nor prophetic representatives of certain types of churches, nor historic types and chosen for that reason; but are actually central churches, each one exercising a certain direct and powerful influence over surrounding groups, and selected to be the recipient of a letter for that reason. "The seven groups of churches into which the Province [of Asia] had been divided before the Apocalypse was composed, were seven postal districts, each having as its center or point of origin one of the seven cities, which, as was pointed out, lie on a route which forms a sort of inner circle round the Province." That providentially they may have been types, and that an antitype to them may be found in seven ages of the Church universal, may be true; but, humanly speaking, they were selected for postal reasons only, or at least chiefly, and the letters are in the nature of diocesan letters from an archbishop.

Into Professor Ramsay's interpretation of specific letters we have no room to enter. It must suffice to say that we conceive that many a minister would find in the study of this book, coupled perhaps with Archbishop Trench's more detailed textual commentary on the Epistles to the Seven Churches, material for a series of week evening lectures to his church and congregation—lectures which might be made valuable both for the historical information which they would give and for their practical application to church conditions as they exist to-day.

Mr. Timbrell's interpretation of the Apocalypse does not give us much aid in understanding that confessedly enigmatic book. He entitles his volume "The Last Message of Jesus Christ, or the Apocalypse in a New Light." The New Light fails to illumine the volume. Whether the fault is with us or with the book the reader may perhaps judge from the following analysis which the author gives of his own understanding of the

book which he has undertaken to set in a new light :

COMPREHENSIVE DIAGRAM OF THE
PLAN OF THE APOCALYPSE

THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, OR GREAT SEVEN

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| (1) The Trinity | { (1) The Christophany—the Son.
(2) The Theophany—the Father.
(3) The Pneumatophany—the Holy Ghost. |
| (2) The Kingdom | { (4) The Basilophany—Zion personified. |
| (3) The Anti-Trinity | { (5) The Satanophany—the Dragon.
(6) The Theriophany—the Beast.
(7) The Pseudo-Prophetophany—the False Prophet. |

THE RETRIBUTIVE TRILOGY

- | |
|---|
| (4) The Holy Ghost vs. the Babylonian Harlot. |
| (5) The Militant Christ vs. Beast, False Prophet and Kings. |
| (6) The Throne of God vs. the Dragon. |
| (7) The Glory of the Bride. |

We do not believe that to the ordinary reader much new light will be thrown upon the Apocalypse by such an analysis as this. Indeed, we doubt whether much light will be thrown upon it by any analysis. The Apocalypse does not lend itself to analysis. It can no more be dissected than a cloud can be dissected. It is not a vertebrate book. In the study of it four principles are to be kept in mind. First: It is not an imaginative book, but a symbolical book. Images can be portrayed in pictures; symbols cannot. Thus, the seven-branched candlestick is a symbol representing the Church, just as the six letters C h u r c h are symbols representing the Church. When John says he saw "in the midst of the seven candlesticks a figure like unto the Son of man," he does not mean that he saw a human figure emerging from a candlestick, he means that he saw Jesus Christ in his Church. Second: From a literary point of view the Apocalypse belongs in dream literature. There is no more orderly sequence to its incidents than there is in a dream. There is no more time sequence than there is in a dream. And as little as a dream does it lend itself to any such analysis as Mr. Timbrell endeavors to apply to it. Third: It is neither a record of the past, a picture of the present, nor a prophecy of the future; neither truly preteristic, historical, nor futuristic. It is all three. It is not addressed to the understanding, but to hope. It is a vision of victory in an

hour of great disaster. At the time when it was written, the whole power of the Roman Empire was pledged to destroy the nascent Church. The Seer in the darkness of the midnight foresees the victory of the dawn; he describes the horror of the present, but in the light of the victory of the future. Hence it is that this book, written in the hour of cruelest persecution, has in it six great chorals of triumph, and is, next to the Psalter, the most triumphantly songful book in the Bible. Fourth: The writer wrote enigmatically with deliberate purpose. He did not mean to be easily understood. He knew that the Christians might understand his symbols and that the pagans could not; and he wrote in cipher, that the pagans might not understand. Nor did he much care whether his Christian readers understood him. He sought not to be intelligible, but to be inspirational. As the sound of a trumpet in the midst of a battle is the Book of Revelation; it is music, poetry, Hebrew art; it is not philosophy. And all attempts to reduce it to philosophy necessarily fail.

Professor Shailer Mathews's volume on the "Messianic Hope in the New Testament" is the best monograph on this subject with which we are acquainted. Nowhere else have we seen so clearly, intelligently, and sanely drawn the distinction between Christ's own account of his Messianic character and mission and the misinterpretation put upon his words by his disciples owing to their previous Pharisaic conception of what the kingdom of God meant and what sort of person the Messiah was to be. Through the failure to make this discrimination two false conceptions have resulted, widely different in their effect, yet having the same source. The Second Adventists have refused to recognize such a distinction, and have therefore imputed to Christ the Pharisaic system, with its unspiritual conception of the divine glory and its cataclysmic conception of the divine processes. The rationalists have refused to recognize such a distinction, and have therefore attributed all Christ's Messianic utterances to misinterpretations by his disciples, and have reduced Christianity to

a mere system of ethical philosophy. and sometimes to a mere series of disconnected ethical maxims. But the Gospel is the glad tidings of a world-deliverance and a world-Deliverer; it is the message, "The Kingdom of God is at hand." Says Professor Mathews: "On the basis of Jesus' own self-estimate and the results of a reverent criticism, a man may believe in him as the incarnation of God, as the revealer of a forgiving God, as the type and teacher of the perfect human life, as the Risen One who brought life and incorruption to light, without necessarily committing himself to a formal acceptance of his strictly Messianic interpretation." Perhaps it is but a verbal criticism to say that this is a very good summary of Jesus' interpretation of himself and his Messianic mission. Upon two points we should not so much take issue with Professor Mathews as take a somewhat different, though not necessarily inconsistent, view. The sociological and eschatological conceptions of the Kingdom of God are not necessarily antithetical. They were so from the Pharisees' point of view, and they are so from the Second Adventists' point of view, for both regard the Kingdom of God as the result of a sudden and miraculous break in the ordinary course of human history. They are not inconsistent from Christ's point of view, for he treated the Kingdom of God as

an evolution already begun, and to be consummated only with the end of the present age, in such a revelation of that Kingdom that the most obtuse would recognize its existence. The antithesis between the terrestrial and the celestial, between the sociological and the eschatological, conceptions of the Kingdom, is no more real than the popular but wholly false antithesis between time and eternity, between this world and the next world. And in the interpretation of Christ's prophetic utterances we would make greater use of subsequent history than Professor Mathews has done. No true scholar will wish to twist the plain words of the Bible into accordance with subsequent events, as has sometimes been done. But we may well look at the prophetic utterances in the New Testament in the light of subsequent events which appear to furnish a fulfillment, as we interpret the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah in the light of the life and passion of Jesus Christ.

We hope for Professor Mathews's book the widest circulation; for we are convinced that one reason for the apparently lessened power of the Christian ministry lies in the fact that it is not in the Christian sense sufficiently Messianic; that the modern ministers are too much preachers of the law, too little preachers of the Gospel; too exclusively interpreters of conscience, too little inspirers of a divine hope.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Alphabet of Athletics (An). By Eustace Miles, M.A. (The Fitness Series.) Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 108 pages. 75c., net.

Analysis of the New York State Law Relative to Savings Bank Investment and Its Application. Published by the Compilers, White & Kemble, 56 Pine Street, New York. 14×18 in. 54 pages. \$15.

This analysis should be of much interest and great value to all who have to do with the investment, not only of savings banks deposits, but of trust funds everywhere.

Good Form for Men: A Guide to Conduct and Dress on All Occasions. By Charles Harcourt. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7 in. 221 pages. \$1.

Christus Liberator: An Outline Study of Africa. By Ellen C. Parsons. Introduction by Sir Harry H. Johnston, K.C.B. The Macmillan Co., New York. 30c., net. (Postage 5c.)

This volume was reviewed in The Outlook for July 22.

Lodowick Carliell. By Charles H. Gray, Ph.D. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5½×9 in. 177 pages. \$1.50. (Postage, 12c.)

This is an interesting contribution to the history of the English drama. Carliell, who is very little known to the general reader and not altogether well known to the special student, wrote during the reigns of Charles I. and II. The play furnished as a sample of his work is "The Deserving Favorite,"

written in 1629, and is tolerably representative of the drama which flourished just before the crusade of the Puritans against the theaters. Professor Gray furnishes a full and interesting account of Carliell's life, and an outline of his career as a play-writer.

Peter's Mother. By Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 345 pages.

This is a pleasantly written and readable story, not exciting as regards its plot, but perfectly natural and simple as to its characters. The scene is laid in Devonshire, and there is a little of the soft Devonshire dialect, but not an excess of this nor of the rustic characters. Mr. Howells has lately been deploring the prevalence of the abnormal in fiction: this book is a good illustration of the fact that normal characters can be made interesting. The love story is unusually pretty and nicely managed. We shall look with interest for future stories by this writer.

Romance of Savoy (The). By the Marchesa Vitelleschi. In 2 vols. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. \$7.50.

The Marchesa Vitelleschi seems to have had unusual opportunities for consulting archives and public documents. The text of her two sumptuously printed and well illustrated volumes shows that she has been an industrious worker, and has unearthed from the papers put at her disposition some interesting things relative to a picturesque period in Italian history. She has also, however, unearthed some things of rather doubtful permanent worth, and the printing of these at times clouds the clearness of her narrative. Its main theme is to describe Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, a clever character despite his difficult temper. This Duke seemed to understand as well as does the Sultan to-day just how to play off France, Spain, and the other European Powers, one against another, and so not only to save himself from annihilation, but actually to raise Savoy from a subservient State to a position worthy of the respect and consideration of all governments. The treaty of Utrecht made Victor Amadeus King of Sicily, a title which he was soon compelled to exchange for that of King of Sardinia. The latter title was later converted into that of King of Italy. Duke Victor married Anna Maria, daughter of Henrietta of Orleans, and hence granddaughter of Charles I. of England. By the extinction of the male Stuart line, the descendants of Anna Maria are now the so-called legitimate representatives of the House of Stuart, the actual representative being the wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria. As Duke Victor and his wife lived in the age of Louis XIV., and as their lives from beginning to end were greatly influenced by that monarch, we welcome the additional light thrown upon his character in these volumes.

Seventy Centuries of the Life of Mankind. By J. N. Larned. In 2 vols. The C. A. Nichols Co., Springfield, Mass. 5½×9 in.

In these two volumes of few more than five

hundred pages each, Mr. Larned essays the extremely difficult task of narrating the story, not of one people merely, but of all peoples who have played any appreciable part in the great world drama that has been unfolding since the days of primeval man. Holding fast to the philosophic view of the unity as well as the continuity of history, he has endeavored to bring home to his readers a clear realization of the causes and the significance of the main movements manifesting themselves throughout the epochs into which the subject logically divides. Although necessarily resorting largely to the topical method, and although his treatment is open to criticism in several important respects, he has so far succeeded in his eminently desirable aim that his work may be commended as a helpful introduction to the larger study of history. Unlike most abridgments, it is extremely readable, and is well calculated to stimulate the beginner to further inquiry. While stress is laid chiefly on the political and military sides, the progress of the world in arts, letters, and science is carefully charted. A pleasing feature is an intelligent eclecticism, displayed in copious selections from the writings of others, and usually of excellent authorities. Generally speaking, too, Mr. Larned shows himself acquainted with the results of the latest research. Of this perhaps the most striking instance is afforded by an epitome of Professor Bourne's conclusions respecting the Spanish colonial system—conclusions only recently published in the serial history "The American Nation." On the other hand, Mr. Larned's own estimates of the facts of history cannot always be unreservedly accepted. This is particularly true of his estimates of prominent historical personages. Constantine the Great, for example, appears to have been but a "successful adventurer;" the allies of Frederick the Great are described as a "greedy pack of perfidious assailants," and to Frederick himself the designation "Great" is admitted only if "the powers that make for unrighteous success . . . are sufficient for greatness;" Charles II. is held to have been "the most worthless member of the most worthless royal family in the history of England;" the achievements of Louis XIV. are accounted nothing more than "exploits of national brigandage." In such evaluations the calm historic spirit is only too conspicuously wanting. In their phrasing also may be discerned a grave defect in style—a tendency to floridity and superlatives. Nor is the work free from objection from the standpoint of proportion. Thus, the history of the nineteenth century occupies two-fifths of the second volume, and of this two-fifths the greater part is devoted to the United States. When all is said, however, the excellencies of the work outweigh its defects. Typographically it is well made; it is printed in clear type on good paper, and with numerous marginal notes. It also carries many illustrations, some in color, and a comprehensive index.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Are Children Studying Too Many Hours? To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the recent editorial in which The Outlook defends the additions of late years to our school curriculum it seems to me that one of the important causes of dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs has been neglected. As I find it—and I am an outsider visiting homes as a pastor—it is not simply the “fads and frills” of recent years to which parents are objecting. These are recognized as worthy, and their value is usually heartily appreciated. But when so much work is set before the pupil that he cannot possibly get through with it within school hours, but must take it home to work on it during the evening, then it is felt that something is wrong.

“Twenty years ago” we did not study so many subjects, it is true. Nature study and cooking and manual training and music, etc., etc., were unknown to us. But in those sad days of ignorance, “twenty years ago,” we were able, the most of us, when the gong struck at half-past three, to shove our books and all our troubles into our desks and leave them there to take care of themselves till morning. We could go out to play till sundown and do what we pleased at home till bedtime, with no ghost of “lessons” rising up to trouble us. And when bedtime came we were ready for sleep, and slept as healthy children should. All children, of course, did not do this, but the system permitted it. We were not required to work at home.

To-day the school stretches out its hand and clutches even these evening hours as a matter of course. The child comes home with the bundle of books, and the conscientious child of twelve and fourteen will be found working up to nine and even ten o'clock, and then goes to bed hot of head, worried, and nervously tired out.

This we don't like. If an eight-hour day is enough for a healthy mechanic, five hours and a half is enough for a growing child. After school hours a child should be free all the rest of the day. Such crowding only invites nervous breakdowns. Better the three R's and contentment therewith than a wealth of learning with strife in the whole nervous system.

Now, the present system seems to require just this. In adding to the things to learn you must add to the hours of study. The prescribed course cannot be completed without work at home. So, though teachers regret it as they see precocious children suffering under the strain, and parents protest, the inexorable “regents” demand their full due. The child must fit the bed prepared for it.

I am not in this saying that these modern improvements should be done away. Perhaps the three R's can better be spared. I am simply saying what it seems to me the educators ought to recognize: the limitations of time require abbreviation in the study. “Fads and frills,” as the latest addition, therefore, have had to bear the brunt of the complaint, not because they are not good, but because they are a last straw.

ARTHUR C. BALDWIN.

Ballston Spa, New York.

Christmas “Belens” in the Philippines To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just been reading what the Spectator says in The Outlook of January 14 of the Moravian Christmas “putzes,” and I wondered if any of your friends out here had ever told you that, in some parts of the Philippines, just such miniature Bethlehems form the most important part of the Christmas decorations.

In the Visayas, where I first saw them, they were called “belen,” and, like the Moravian “putzes,” were often very costly and elaborate. I was told that one had cost more than three thousand pesos. The grown-ups out here are as much children at heart as any wee tot in the community, and a house where there are no children is just as apt to have a belen as one where there are three or four families of them. But it is the custom here, as in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to go to the houses of all one's neighbors to see the Christmas belens, so that the whole community may enjoy them all, and, if the truth were known, compare them in their secret hearts with a view to improvement in their own the following year.

Some of them are miniatures of whole villages with bamboo and grass-thatched houses, bamboo fences, rice camarines, palm and mango trees, bamboo thickets, rice-fields and cane-fields, the rivers with tiny bancas tied to the trees along their banks, carabao drawing carts along the road, and cattle, carabao, and sheep in the fields, and even queer-looking dogs around and under the houses. I have even seen the ever-present cock perched on a ridge-pole just as one sees him in life in every Filipino village. In one belen I saw, was a model of the big stone church built many years before by the friars on the hill overlooking the harbor of the town in which we lived. The town had really gathered about the church, and no one in the village could remember when it had not been there, so it seemed eminently appropriate that it should be the crowning feature of this miniature Bethlehem, where the Mother and her Child sat in a nipa hut beside

it, and the shepherds in the field might hear its bells calling them to mass.

Candles are generally kept burning before the belen, and garlands hung about the table on which it is set, and it becomes a sort of Christmas shrine. It is generally set up some days before Christmas and allowed to remain until the "day of the three Kings," the 6th of January, which concludes the Christmas festival.

I have never seen a belen anywhere save in the Visayas, unless the altar decorations one sees in many of the provincial churches at Christmas time may be considered as the same thing. The priests often display some mechanical ingenuity in arranging these altar-pieces, which also represent the Virgin and her Child in a central shrine, with the fields of the village and sometimes some of the houses about their feet. Carabao, cows, sheep, and all sorts of strange-looking animals stand about in the fields, and at a certain part of the service pass in slow procession up one side of a sort of inclined plane to bow before the Holy Mother and Child and then down the other side, while the star glides down from somewhere above the altar and comes to rest above the shrine.

Strange as it all is to our eyes as part of a solemn Christmas service, there in the church at midnight, with the kneeling congregation intent upon the spirit of it, unaware of any incongruities, seeing only the great event it portrays, one cannot escape from the impression of the reality of that event so evidently felt, for that time at least, by all around him.

It is so difficult to find out anything of real value about the oldest customs and beliefs of the Filipinos that it is most discouraging to one who starts out enthusiastically to inquire. Many of their most interesting customs are so old and have become so much a part of daily life that the people themselves scarcely know how or why they do them, only that it is "the custom," and they are very reticent, even with those among us whom they are accustomed to regard as friends, about their real daily life. Whether it is because they know we do not hold the same beliefs about many things and might think them "queer," or whether they simply do not know how to tell about them, I do not know. The lack of a common language is, of course, a great barrier to any real knowledge of each other, and for that reason I believe that the education in English the children are getting in the schools is of more importance than anything we can give them just at present. T.

Baguio, Benguet, Philippine Islands.

The First Schools of Our Freedmen

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The article of Dr. W. E. Park in *The Outlook* of July 1 under this heading was especially interesting to me, as I happened to be one of the twenty women who sailed to Port Royal on the steamer with him in March, 1862. He tells of the "first organized effort to instruct the Freedmen," under

the leadership of the Hon. E. L. Pierce, of Boston. While this is officially true, I would like to claim for my father, the Rev. Solomon Peck, D.D., of Boston, the honor of being the actual pioneer in this work. When he heard of the capture of Hilton Head in November, 1861, he immediately obtained permission from Washington to sail on a Government transport, and was the first civilian to receive this concession, that he might minister to the colored population of those islands, who had been left as sheep without shepherds. On his arrival he not only assumed the pastorate of the large colored church at Beaufort, but addressed himself to the organization of a number of schools for the colored people.

Mr. Pierce arrived at a later date, and reported to Secretary Chase, in the year 1862, on "The Negroes at Port Royal." In his report he pays the Rev. Dr. Peck the following tribute: "At this point, Beaufort, the Rev. Solomon Peck, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, has done great good in preaching to them, and protecting them from the depredations of white men. He has established schools for the children (the first in Port Royal) in which are sixty pupils, ranging in age from six to fifteen. The teachers are the same race with the taught, of ages respectively twenty, thirty, and fifty years. . . . Nor have the efforts of Dr. Peck been confined to this point. I cannot forbear to give a moment's testimony to the nobility of character displayed by this venerable man. Of mild and genial temperament, equally earnest and sensible, enjoying the fruits of culture, and yet not dissuaded by them from the humblest toil, having reached an age when most others would have declined the duty and left it to be discharged by younger men; of narrow means, and yet in the main defraying his own expenses, this man of apostolic faith and life, to whose labors both hemispheres bear witness, left his home to guide and comfort this poor and shepherdless flock, and to him belongs, and ever will belong, the distinguished honor of being the first minister of Christ to enter the field which our arms had opened."

The communication of Dr. Park brings to memory a pleasing incident, of which he was the major part, but which he may have entirely forgotten—maybe not. In that same year of 1862 I happened to be a member of a congregation gathered in a church on St. Helena Island on a Lord's Day, made up almost wholly of colored people. The expected preacher failed to appear, and, rather than let the people go away unfed, Mr. W. E. Park, a young man just out of college, and in charge of a plantation on the island, was asked to take the pulpit and preach. After some hesitation, he asked for a Bible and the privilege of withdrawing apart for a season of meditation, and no doubt prayer. Then came the sermon, fresh and impromptu, but to the hearts of his dusky hearers.

ELIZABETH H. STANGER.

Philadelphia.



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THE OUTLOOK WANT DEPARTMENT

The rate for notices in this Department is Five Cents for each word or initial, address included. Orders should be sent (with remittance) at least ten days before the date of The Outlook in which you desire the Want to appear. Answers may be sent in care of The Outlook (count four words for the address) and will be forwarded to you if postage is paid.

TEACHERS, GOVERNESSES, COMPANIONS, DOMESTIC HELPERS

MIDDLE-AGED woman, cultured, refined, seeks position as housekeeper or superintendent in school, hotel, institution, or private family. Capable of directing the education of children. All references. 1,795, Outlook.

WANTED—By an experienced and refined young woman, position as managing housekeeper. 1,796, Outlook.

NURSE wants patient at Atlantic City. References. 1,797, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate desires position as instructor in preparatory school for coming year. Specialty, history. Best references. Address C. E. Carter, 389 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

EXPERIENCED teacher of piano and harmony, educated in Berlin, desires a non-resident position in school near New York. Will pay liberal commission to anyone recommending private pupils. 1,794, Outlook.

TEACHER of experience in primary and kindergarten work desires position in the fall. Private school or social settlement. 1,793, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, experienced teacher, Latin and mathematics specialties, desires position either in private school or as tutor or traveling companion. References. Address Miss Lucile Matthews, Vevay, Indiana.

REFINED, educated, capable young woman would like position as companion, for October first. Good home, small compensation. Has best references. 1,803, Outlook.

AN experienced trained nurse desires a position to take charge of an invalid. 1,804, Outlook.

GRADUATE of Domestic Science School would like position as supervisor or teacher this fall. Experience. 1,805, Outlook.

POSITION desired by a lady of culture as chaperon to one or two young girls going abroad for purposes of study or travel. References exchanged. 1,776, Outlook.

WANTED—About Sept. 1st, mother's helper. Three children, two in school, other a baby. Must be strong, healthy, educated young woman. Good references. 1,775, Outlook.

NURSES—St. John's Riverside Hospital, Yonkers, gives a two and one-half years' course. Applicants must be from 21 to 35 years of age, of sound health and good education. Address the Superintendent.

EXPERIENCED young woman desires position as governess or companion. Would travel. French conversation. 1,778, Outlook.

LADY desires non-resident position in girls' school. Valuable executive and teaching experience in college and private schools. College and university training. Subject, English. 1,777, The Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion to old or young lady. Three years' experience. References. Miss B. Miller, Swanton, Maryland.

WANTED—A gentlewoman who has traveled largely in this country and abroad desires a position as housekeeper, or would chaperon young ladies intending to study abroad. 1,786, Outlook.

MIDDLE-AGED lady of refinement, culture, and experience desires position as chaperon or other place of trust. References. 1,782, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman of refinement to assist in the care of four children in clergyman's family in New York. Mornings free. Salary very moderate. Address, stating age, experience, and salary required, 1,784, Outlook.

CAPABLE English lady desires position as housekeeper to gentleman with good establishment. References. Mrs. Soldat, St. Lambert, W. Montreal, Canada.

EXPERIENCED graduate nurse desires position as companion nurse to semi-invalid, or full care of infant. Would travel. References exchanged. Address Nurse, 417 Greenwood Ave., Blue Island, Ill.

CAPABLE, energetic young woman, thorough home and college training, honor graduate, experienced teacher and governess, desires position; governess work preferred. Highest references given and required. 1,815, Outlook.

TEACHERS, GOVERNESSES, COMPANIONS, DOMESTIC HELPERS

YOUNG woman, thoroughly experienced in all details, desires position as managing housekeeper. Address Housekeeper, 314 Angell St., Providence, R. I.

REFINED lady, capable, desires position as matron, housekeeper, or chaperon in first-class school. 1,811, Outlook.

EDUCATED young woman desires position as companion, mother's helper, or working housekeeper in small family. 1,810, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper for single man, by a thoroughly competent, refined single woman, who will accept her mother's board as part payment for services. References exchanged. Address 1,813, Outlook.

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AMERICAN young lady wishes position as traveling companion or secretary. Small remuneration. Best references. 1,787, Outlook.

WELL-CULTIVATED European gentlewoman, 29, desires position as managing housekeeper; thoroughly experienced in all branches of domestic science. Excellent linguist, accountant, secretary. Peaceful and tactful management of servants. Trustworthy, stable, temperate. No commissions taken. Highest American credentials. Address "Haut gout," 1,738, Outlook.

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